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THE COLONELS OF THE NEW YORK SEVENTH REGIMENT.—[See Page 295.]

The Portrait of Colonel Clark from a Photograph by Sarony; the other Portraits and the Shakspeare Tavern from Pictures furnished by Lieutenant Louis B. Rader.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1880.

RECIPROCAL POLITICAL DUTIES.

THE Republicans of Massachusetts have spoken with great effect. The old Bay State, although not one of the largest of the States, has always held a kind of political leadership, from the days of SAMUEL ADAMS and JAMES OTIS down to the present time. It is often alleged that Massachusetts has not furnished the most eminent chiefs in any department. But, however that may be, it has certainly led opinion. It was the head-quarters of Federalism until the rise of the modern epoch of our politics in the Missouri debate, and that was marked by nothing more forcible and conclusive than the Massachusetts memorial drawn by DANIEL WEBSTER. When the new party divisions followed the era of good feeling, Massachusetts, again by DANIEL WEBSTER, was a pioneer and champion of Whig doctrine; and later, the Conscience Whigs of Massachusetts, CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, CHARLES ALLEN, JOHN G. PALFREY, CHARLES SUMNER, and their associates, were among the founders of the Republican party. During all the ascendency of that party for the last twenty years, no section of it has been more advanced in opinion, more prompt or courageous in expression, than that of Massachusetts. The platforms of her State Conventions have been uncompromising assertions of the distinctive doctrines of the party, and this fact is conspicuously illustrated by the admirable declarations they have recently made upon the subject of administrative reform, as during and after the war upon emancipation and equal suffrage.

It had been supposed, and it was plainly asserted—indeed, we were told six weeks ago by one of the most noted of New England politicians—that the Massachusetts Convention would be controlled by a syndicate of ex-Governors. Those gentlemen are experienced and skillful politicians, and there was nothing improbable in the supposition that their diligent management would succeed. But the knowledge of their plans and labors thoroughly aroused the real Republican sentiment of the State, and probably no Convention could have represented more faithfully the present conviction of Massachusetts Republicanism than the late assembly at Worcester. The ex-Governors and their plans were overwhelmingly defeated. In a Convention of more than a thousand delegates, they could not muster three hundred votes. The platform is a thoroughly sound and strong declaration of Republican principles. It asserts the inviolable sovereignty of the national Union, the duty of the national government to protect the ballot in all national elections by the efficient execution of wise laws, and denounces the crime of fraud or violence in casting or counting votes. It holds to an honest currency, to the maintenance of the national faith and credit, and rejoices in the success of resumption under the able management of the present Secretary of the Treasury. Recognizing what has been accomplished for the reform of the civil service under this Administration, it calls for laws to prevent the conversion of the public service into a party machine; and as the sure means of ending sectional strife and politics, it demands the actual recognition of the equal rights of all by all. Finally, the Convention declared that

> "The duty of all Republicans loyally to support the candidates of the party, and the duty of nominating Conventions to present candidates who are acceptable to all Republicans, are reciprocal duties of equal force and obligation."

As such a candidate, "whose nomination will be most expedient, because most worthy and least objectionable," the Convention presented with the highest encomiums the name of Senator EDMUNDS; but very properly it did not attempt to muzzle the delegates with instructions, and they go, as all delegates should go, to the National Convention, not without decided personal preferences as to the nomination, but perfectly free to act as the interests of the party and the public welfare may seem to them to demand.

The clause of the platform that we have quoted is of the highest significance. No other Convention has ever made this important statement. There is no more serious political peril than the increasing power of the mere machinery of party, which enables a few unscrupulous and designing politicians to dictate nominations and control party action. The received doctrine is that parties are impossible unless their "regular" action be respected. If everybody is to do as he chooses, it is argued, there can be no concert of action, and the co-operation which is indispensable to success becomes absolutely impracticable. To dispute or reject "regularity," therefore, is to abandon and betray the very purpose of the party. This is the argument which is constantly and stringently urged, and which is generally accepted as conclusive. It is, however, but a half-truth, for it is obvious that mere "regularity," in the sense of sustaining whatever the party organization may propose, might lead to the betrayal of the party cause quite as much as opposition to regularity. The Massachusetts platform states the true position. Remembering the fundamental principle that rights and duties are correlative, it declares that the duty of a party Convention to nominate candidates whom every voter can support is just as binding as the duty of the voter to support them. The Convention can not violate its own duty and then call upon the party voters to sustain its action. As we have constantly contended, the majority of a party Convention is bound to consult something else than its own power, and hence the absurdity of unit rules and instructions. The Convention is morally bound to weigh objections and probabilities, and an obvious disregard of its own duty releases every voter from duty to support its action. Of course every voter must decide the question of dereliction for himself, but it is very easy to imagine a case. Suppose that a man bribes with money or place half a dozen delegates to a Convention, who hold the balance of power, and they accept the bribe, and give him the nomination. It is a perfectly "regular" nomination, but will anybody argue that honest party men are bound to ratify it? Such men certainly would not ratify it, and for the reason that the duty of nominating proper candidates is reciprocal with that of supporting nominations. Mr. BOUTWELL offered a resolution pledging Massachusetts Republicans to support cordially any nomination that might be made at Chicago. But the Convention reminded Mr. BOUTWELL that the Chicago Convention owes a duty to the Republican party quite as imperative as that of the Republican party to the Chicago Convention. Massachusetts has done the party and the country a signal service in its plain and forcible statement of a truth which is generally forgotten, and the deliberate declaration of it shows how deep and strong is the conviction that the honest intelligence of parties is coming into sharp, and we trust decisive, conflict with the mere party machinery.

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

THE action of the New York Democratic Convention tends to define the situation more plainly. It shows that the regular party organization is unaffected by the KELLY bolt of last autumn, that Mr. TILDEN controls the party in the State, and that he or his candidate will be nominated for the Presidency. It shows also that the New York Democratic party does not intend to ask support upon any principle, or policy, or measure, but to conduct the campaign upon the issue of "fraud." This was the staple of the speeches of the presiding officers. The platform asserts that "that issue precedes and dwarfs every other." New York is conceded to be the essential State to carry, and the Democratic Convention announces as the only issue precisely what Mr. TILDEN said upon his door-step three years ago, that the country would "never condone fraud." This position in New York compels his renomination, because if he was really elected, as the Syracuse platform declares, and was defrauded of his seat, no man's "claim" upon the nomination can be comparable to his. The overwhelming majority for him in the Convention, and the serene and polite contempt with which the KELLY wing was treated, indicate a conscious strength which can not help impressing Democrats in other States, and which will greatly demoralize the Democratic opposition in this State. This impression will be deepened by Mr. JOHN KELLY'S speech in his own Convention, which most effectively aided his opponents, by representing them as orderly and law-abiding citizens, and himself and his faction as revolutionists. Mr. KELLY gave as the reason for opposing Mr. TILDEN that, in 1876,

> "He was elected by the votes of the people, and he had not sufficient courage after he was elected to go forward, as a brave man would have gone forward, and said to the people of the country, 'I have been elected by the votes of the people, and you see to it that I am inaugurated.' Nothing of the kind was done by Mr. TILDEN."

In other words, because Mr. TILDEN did not decide for himself that he had been elected, and proceed to try to take his seat at the cost of a tremendous civil convulsion, he is not a fit candidate for the Democracy. Mr. KELLY may understand the slums of New York, but he does not understand the American people. Any man who should undertake to play the part in this country which Mr. KELLY reproaches Mr. TILDEN for not attempting, would share the infamy of BENEDICT ARNOLD.

It is fair to anticipate that, as Mr. KELLY and his men are now practically outlaws from the Democratic party, they will endeavor to ruin, since they can not rule. They will not be admitted to the National Convention, and if Mr. TILDEN is not nominated there, his candidate will be, and the KELLY faction can then do nothing but nominate their leader. The question then will be, how many Democratic votes he can divert in the State of New York. Mr. TILDEN'S vote certainly can not be what it was in 1876. The "gag" about reform will deceive nobody. The whole independent vote, which was chiefly cast for him, is now lost. The cipher rascalities leave him nothing but the regulation party vote, minus the KELLY vote. Now the TILDEN majority in New York in 1876 was 26,568, and last year Mr. KELLY polled 77,566 votes. If, therefore, the KELLY bolt this year should carry a quarter of the votes that it did last year, Mr. TILDEN would lose New York. Mr. KELLY seems to be at least able to ruin. At present, the only way in which the Democratic party of the State can be united is by the disappearance of Mr. TILDEN as a candidate. In that case the KELLY wing would doubtless declare their point of opposition to be withdrawn. But even then, under the inevitable circumstances, the Republican nomination of a candidate like Mr. EDMUNDS, to whom no kind of opposition could be offered, or has been suggested by any Republican, would make the Presidential election a Republican "walk over."

Meanwhile the effrontery of the New York Democratic platform is as amazing as it is solemn. It declares that Mr. TILDEN was elected by the popular vote, and defrauded by a false count of the electoral votes. But nothing is morally more certain than that the popular vote of Louisiana, for instance, as declared at the polls, was the result of Democratic terrorizing and cheating, and was in no sense an honest expression of the popular will. It is an insult to commonsense to assert that a reputed majority obtained by the familiar Democratic methods in the Southern States was an honest "popular majority." The confusion of the situation was such that Congress wisely sought a remedy in the Electoral Commission, which was framed by Democratic rather than by Republican votes, and which acted strictly within its powers. Fraud and violence there doubtless were in the Southern election of that year, but the assumption, in the face of the late startling Democratic frauds in Maine, that they were exclusively Republican offenses, and that the Democrats were the blameless victims, is so preposterous and ridiculous that no Republican will complain if it is made the Democratic platform for the Presidential election of this year. When to this it is added that the proposed candidate upon this "no fraud" platform is the person whose confidential agents were engaged in a plot to corrupt the electors, and whose house was the head-quarters of the conspiracy, the absurdity of the Democratic position becomes more evident. We can not suppose that any Democrat is pleased with the situation.

COUNTING THE ELECTORAL VOTE.

WE congratulate the Democratic members of the Senate committees on rules and on counting the electoral votes upon their reported agreement to recommend a new joint rule providing for the fair count of the Presidential vote next winter. The members are aware, of course, that nothing injures their party more in public judgment than the apprehension that some kind of fraud in counting that vote is intended by Congress. From a merely party point of view, therefore, it is politic for the majority to allay this apprehension by providing a method which makes such fraud impracticable, except upon a theory that our institutions have already failed. When the Republicans controlled both Houses of Congress they adopted a joint rule, the twenty-second, which directed that if an objection was raised in the joint meeting of both Houses to counting the electoral vote of a State, it should be rejected unless both Houses concurred in accepting it. This gave to one House the power to reject the electoral vote of a State. Senator MORTON, who had carefully studied the subject, and who was keenly alive to the danger involved in the count, protested vehemently against this rule as "the most dangerous contrivance against the peace of the nation that has ever been invented by Congress." It was based obviously upon a wrong principle, and the Democratic members of the committee are to be praised for their purpose of proposing the rule which Mr. MORTON properly insisted was the just one, namely, that no State should lose its vote except by the consent of both Houses.

This is so fair that if the proposition is submitted, we trust that the Republicans will offer no opposition. Whatever members of Congress may think of the subject, honest citizens of all parties, engaged in their various business under the revival of trade and industry, desire that the question shall be settled, and that so much shall be done to secure a peaceful declaration of the result of the election. The situation of the last count shows with what peril the country may be confronted if a decision should not be made before the time for the count arrives. The twenty-second joint rule was repealed, and there was no provision to guide the count in 1876. Mr. MORTON had moved in the Senate the rule now proposed, but Mr. THURMAN opposed, and prevented its passage. The election was in doubt. Fraud and violence in several States had unquestionably affected the result. Party passion was heated to madness. The House was Democratic, and the Senate Republican. There was no rule of procedure. There seemed to be no hope of concerted action between the Houses, and a catastrophe was reasonably apprehended. Fortunately a constitutional remedy was devised, and the patriotism of both parties compelled its adoption. That saved the country, undoubtedly, from grave disaster; and if, with such an experience, and so recent, no provision should be now made, the wisdom of popular government would be properly doubted.

The rule as proposed provides that when one certificate only is presented from a State it shall not be rejected except by the concurrence of both Houses, and that in case of dual returns neither shall be counted unless both Houses agree upon one of them. This is the true method. It throws upon the State the responsibility of deciding disputes, or of risking the loss of its electoral vote; and although the politicians of one side or the other might be willing to sacrifice the vote of the State in order to defeat opponents, if there be any virtue in Republican institutions, the people of the State would insist that its vote should not be lost. We see no good reason why the principle of the proposed rule should not be introduced into an amendment of the Constitutional regulation of the election. It is from the vagueness of the Constitutional clause upon this subject, both as to the power of the Vice-President and of Congress itself, that the trouble arises. Experience has revealed the precise point of weakness, and it suggests the remedy. The present session of Congress has been singularly barren. It has been devoid even of the excitements of angry political debate in preparation for the election. But Congress would be forgiven for its general inactivity in good works if this one good work should be accomplished. As Republicans, we might wish that the Democratic Congress would leave it undone, that the negligence might be another argument against that party in the canvass; but as good citizens, we hope for action which will relieve the public mind.

PRACTICAL POLITICS.

A STRIKING sign of the increasing interest in politics, which can not fail to be of the utmost public benefit, is the formation of "young men's" associations for various political objects. They show that there is generally felt to be no overshadowing question, like that of slavery or the war, which lately divided parties, nor even such policies as protection, internal improvements, and "the Bank," which arrayed Whigs and Democrats against each other forty years ago. The methods of politics and their influence and results are becoming more conspicuous, and the warmth of feeling on all sides regarding the Presidential nominations is produced largely by considerations based upon political methods. It is plain that as yet neither party has any good "cry," and that it would be a fatal mistake for either to furnish such a cry to the other. Both will be judged by their general character, traditions, and tendency, and that is the present strength of the Republican position. The great results of the recent years have been accomplished by Republicans, and the reforms and progress demanded by the good sense of the country are to be expected of them rather than of Democrats. Their ascendency can be imperiled only by an unfortunate selection of candidates both for larger and lesser positions. In times of great peril or of paramount issues, personal considerations about candidates in large part disappear, and that is the explanation of the attempt which is made now in some quarters to represent the country as in a desperately perilous situation.

Among the various young men's associations we have observed one in Chicago, called the Young Men's Auxiliary Club, the object of which is, in part, that of the Independent Republican Association in New York, and a most important object it is. It is to furnish information in regard to local candidates. When the minor places upon the State tick-

et are to be filled, it is almost impossible to ascertain anything of the character or fitness of the persons proposed. Those who nominate them flood the Convention with a torrent of praise, but it is so evidently perfunctory, and often so absurd, that the Convention acts in the dark. In city elections, and for all minor local offices, very few voters know anything whatever of the candidates; and if they had attended the local Conventions they would know, if possible, still less, but they would suspect a great deal more. In the city of New York it is both farcical and pitiful to hear one citizen ask another if he has ever heard of any one of the long string of people for whom both are voting, and for the most important offices. It is in that kind of ignorance and in the willingness to vote for anything and for anybody with the party label that the TWEED power had its roots; and the Ring was overthrown only by the election of candidates for whom intelligent and well-known citizens made themselves responsible.

To furnish the proper information is what the Independent Republicans propose in our local affairs, and what the Young Men's Auxiliary Club in Chicago is doing. They have recently issued a circular, preparatory to the city election, stating briefly the facts about all the candidates nominated for the office of town assessor, collector, supervisor, and clerk, and for ward alderman. The representations seem to be fair, as the following extracts show, in which we omit the names of the candidates:

"——, the Republican nominee for Assessor, is a native of Massachusetts, thirty-eight years of age. He entered the Union army as a private in May, 1861, was afterward promoted to the rank of captain, and served on the staffs of Generals ABERCROMBIE and COUCH until honorably discharged from the service. Was afterward elected a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and served one term during 1867 and 1868. He came to Chicago in 1870, where he has since been engaged in the practice of law. Has lived in North Chicago for the past seven years. Mr. —— has always been identified with the best interests of the town and city, and his character and integrity are unquestioned. He received this nomination without any solicitation whatever on his part, and if elected will come to the office without being bound to any set of men, and we are satisfied that he will select men of known character and ability as his assistants."

"——, the Democratic nominee for Assessor, is the present incumbent. It was hoped that when elected he would at least have a decent regard for the interests of the tax-payers; but he has not. Among his twelve deputies employed are the following: JOHNNY CRAWFORD, P. J. CRAWFORD (better known as 'Con'), JIM FARRELL, P. N. HANSBROUGH, TIM CORCORAN, L. F. BARCLAY, TOM MCGOVERN, and JOHN WALSH. These persons are leaders and associates of the notorious 'Hatch-House Gang.' We urge you to investigate their reputation, and we believe that you will agree with us in saying that the employment of such persons in the important office of Assessor is a disgrace to the North Town and to the whole city. If the taxpayers fairly understood what a sink of iniquity this office has become, they would rise as one man, irrespective of party, and purge it."

"——, the Republican candidate for Collector, is a German by birth, about fifty years of age, and has lived on the North Side for many years. He was not a candidate for the office, and was induced to accept the nomination with much difficulty. He is a man of good business ability, a large property owner, and taxpayer."

"——, the Democratic nominee, held the office during the last term. Information concerning him has been furnished in our former circulars, so that extended notice is now unnecessary. Nothing is known against him personally, but the fact that the notorious JOHNNY CRAWFORD and other members of the gang employed by Assessor —— have been in the employ of the Collector's office under —— since the Assessor's books were closed will certainly not increase public confidence in the continued administration of this office by him."

"——, the Republican candidate for Alderman of this ward, is an old and well-known citizen of strict integrity. He is a large tax-payer, and has been identified with the growth and interests of this city for forty-four years. He has held several positions of public trust, as member of the Board of Public Works, as City Comptroller, etc., and always with credit. Being thoroughly acquainted with the city and its needs, a good Parliamentarian, possessing wide influence, he would, if elected, be a power in the Council for the best interests of the ward and the city."

"——, the Democratic nominee . . . . is a man of character and ability. He has lived in the ward eighteen years, is twenty-seven years old, and married. He is the senior partner of the furniture firm of ——, —— Street and —— Avenue, where he has built up a large and profitable business, but he owns no real estate, and is not a tax-payer in the ward."

This is practical politics in the best sense. The value of the statements depends, of course, upon the character of the club committee that makes them. But in this case that is above suspicion. The same work has been sometimes performed in New York both by newspapers and committees. The *Times*, we remember, gave an instructive sketch of many of the local candidates last year. The Independent Republicans propose this duty to themselves, and they and the Chicago Young Men's Auxiliary Club, and all newspapers that furnish such information, are engaged in one of the most essential and effective of political duties.

A VALUABLE BOOK.

THE State Library of New York has lately become the possessor of a book for which it paid $1600, the result of a sharp competition. It is, however, a book of which the State of New York, and especially the State Library, ought to be the owner. The library is primarily designed for the use of the Legislature and of the State authorities, and this book—of which the full title is, "The Laws and Acts of the General Assembly of Their Majesties Province of New York, As they were Enacted in diverse Sessions, the first of which began April the 9th, *Annoq: Domini* 1691. At New York, Printed and Sold by William Bradford, Printer to Their Majesties, King William and Mary, 1694"—is not only the earliest book printed in the State, much of it in 1693, but it contains copies of laws of New York of which the State has no copies in print or manuscript. Five copies of the book only are known. There is one in the New York Society Library, one in the possession of Mr. A. J. VANDERPOEL, an imperfect copy both in the Secretary of State's office and in the Lenox Library, and this complete one in the State Library.

As an old book merely the library would not have bought it, but as the only accessible existing copy of early laws of New York, the trustees of the library could not permit it to be sold to any one out of the State, nor to any other buyer in New York than the State itself. Connecticut had appropriated $5000 to buy copies of the laws of different States at this especial BRINLEY sale, and at previous sales had already paid several hundred dollars for a volume of its own laws. The Lenox Library, with its imperfect copy, fixed its capacious eye and purse upon this perfect copy, this unique, this phœnix. There could be no question. The bidding began. It went high, higher. Dr. HOMES, the intrepid State Librarian, unfurled the flag "Excelsior" (with "the true arms" of the State emblazoned), and New York remained master of the field.

It is a plain, homely sheep-skin folio of three hundred pages, and they contain suggestive laws. Every Christian who shall kill a grown wolf on Long or Staten islands is to receive thirty shillings. The evidence of a slave is to be of no account. If more than three negroes meet together, they are to have fifty lashes on the bare back; and if any slave is found travelling forty miles beyond the city of Albany without a master, he is to be put to death. But there is no provision that he is to be accused of putting himself to death. The price of this book is large, but it is money well spent.

THE LUNACY BILL.

THE press of the city is unanimous in its regret at the delay of the Legislature in passing the reasonable and excellent bill which adds three members to the State Board of Charities, and organizes them as a Commission in Lunacy. The subject has been very carefully considered in the light of the best experience; and the bill, which is drawn with great care, and without the least hostility to any person, is warmly supported by some of the highest professional and special authorities in the State. The new members of the Board of Charities are to be two physicians and one lawyer, who are to serve, like the present members, without salary; and the Board, which is necessarily familiar with the condition and needs of the insane, and especially of the thousands of insane poor, for whom no provision is now made, cordially approve the bill, and the slurs which were cast upon the Board in the debate as "grasping" power were only ludicrous.

The official reports show that within the last ten years the State has spent nearly $5,000,000 in building three asylums and in additions to another. The city of New York has paid $2,000,000 toward this amount. It has, however, but thirteen pauper patients in the asylums for which it was expended, while it maintains 2500 patients in its own asylums at an expense of about a quarter of a million dollars. It appears officially, also, that while so many pauper insane are unprovided for, even with this enormous expense, the cost of administration is very much greater than in many of the best asylums elsewhere in the country, and with this increased and increasing expenditure there is by no means a corresponding ratio of improvement in treatment and cure.

The public certainly ought to be satisfied that there is the utmost humanity and efficiency of care in these institutions, and that these great sums of money are wisely expended. The judicious care of the insane is a subject which is constantly improving, and the State ought to have the benefit of the best experience. Such experience points to the kind of supervision on behalf of the public which the pending bill contemplates, and which Speaker SHARPE so forcibly stated in his speech advocating the bill.

A TEXT FOR MEDITATION.

IT is gravely stated in a letter from Albany that the proposition to inquire into the emoluments of the Health Officer of the port of New York, and to determine a proper salary for that officer, meets with disfavor, because large contributions to the election expenses are expected from that officer! Indeed, and why? Are his services so much overpaid that he may be supposed to have plenty of money to devote to political purposes? Is his money not his own, or is willingness to give an implied condition of appointment? Are the emoluments of the office kept very large in order that an officer appointed for political services may be able to give generously to the party treasury?

The suggestion in the letter, which is a perfectly logical one, is another of the constant illustrations of a system of appointment which virtually puts up offices at auction, and subordinates the public service to the personal and partisan objects of the Executive. Is it any disqualification in a republic, it is asked, defiantly, for such a post as that of Health Officer, for instance, that a man is eminent for his party services? Certainly it is, and most emphatically. Party services have properly no more to do with it than the color of a man's eyes or his knowledge of Sanskrit; and the moment they are introduced as a consideration or qualification, it is evident that they are the primary consideration. Indeed, so far in the present State administration, nothing else apparently has been thought of.

It is evident, if officers are to be "bled" for the party as of course, that party managers will wish to have as many offices as possible, at the highest salaries, because the party income from them will be greater. It is evident also that those who "bleed" most generously, and with a smiling face, will be preferable incumbents. Now the public wishes as few offices as practicable, and these economically administered. The interests of trading politicians and of the public are thus very different. But the citizen may well ponder the significance of an objection to limiting an official salary, that it would restrict official contributions to the party treasury.

OUR MINISTER TO GERMANY.

A PARAGRAPH, amusing to those who know the facts, is "going the rounds of the press," stating that Mr. WHITE, our Minister to Germany, is ill, and tired of his position, and intends to resign and return. We happen fortunately to know that Mr. WHITE is unusually well, and that the change of scene and work has been of great sanitary advantage to him. He has no intention of an immediate return, but when he does come home, he will undoubtedly be much better in health than for many years past, and better fitted than ever for his various and important duties here.

The relations between this country and Germany were never more friendly than they are now. Mr. WHITE'S admirable qualifications for his post have enabled him to follow up most effectively the action of his predecessors in regard to the "military cases" which demand the attention of the legation. The services of Mr. BANCROFT in securing the main clauses of the treaties of '68, and of Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS in systematizing the methods of dealing with the questions at issue, and of Mr. BAYARD TAYLOR during his short term in gaining the respect and affection of many influential persons, have been of signal advantage in giving us a good standing with the German government, and nothing that has been gained will be lost by Mr. WHITE.

There is such constant and intimate social intercourse between the two countries, and so many Germans who have lived in the United States return to live in Germany, that it is not surprising so much should be written and published about this country in German periodicals of every kind. Our German critics are sometimes very severe, and even unjust; and if their tone is often altogether too pessimistic, there is no doubt that its influence is counteracted by the manner in which we are paying the debt, by the general restoration of prosperity, and by the patriotic good sense with which we have avoided grave political perils.

A PUBLIC SHAME.

THE sad catastrophe at the Madison Square Garden, in which lives were lost by the falling of the wall, has naturally occasioned an indignant demand to know where the responsibility lies. But it is obvious that it is not easy to determine. Proprietors are very apt to require costly buildings at small cost. Some builders are ready to contract for them. The work is consequently slurred, and unless there is constant personal supervision by a competent and conscientious inspector on behalf of the public, the result is a dangerous building. In this case it is plain that there had been criminal negligence, yet it would be hard to fix the precise responsibility.

Thirty years ago a noted English artist, travelling in this country, said that the worst thing he had observed was the want of conscience in common work. Your bureau drawers, he said, won't open and shut; your chairs don't stand squarely upon their legs; one leg of your ready-made trousers is shorter than the other; your chamber doors sag and stick: indeed, said he, laughing, your government is the best part of you. There are, of course, many good reasons to be given for superficial and inadequate work. It is only when the question is suggested whether it is an indication of a general lack of conscience that it becomes significant.

CARLYLE satirizes the *laissez-faire* principle as practically the doctrine of the devil take the hindmost, and it is not at all clear that there might not be a very much more effective government supervision of private works that involve the public safety. The problem of adequate protection for the crowds that frequent theatres and halls and public resorts of every kind is evidently far from solution. But such an accident as that at the Madison Square Garden ought not to happen in a highly civilized community.

PERSONAL.

THE house in Letitia Street, Philadelphia, which WILLIAM PENN built for his daughter LETITIA, and in which she lived and died, has recently been bought by J. A. JANNEY & Co. For the last twenty-eight years it has been used as a saloon. Adjoining this house is the old mansion once occupied by PENN himself, and built by PENN in 1682 with materials imported from England. The firm have offered the Letitia House to the Pennsylvania Historical Society, with the privilege of taking it down and removing it. Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, with his proverbial liberality and public spirit, has offered to bear the expense of removing the building to the Park, and having it erected in its original style. The offer will doubtless be accepted.

—The first book ever published by the late DANIEL APPLETON was a little volume about three inches square and half an inch thick, entitled *Crumbs from the Master's Table*, and consisted of selections of Bible texts. About a thousand copies were sold. This was in 1831. Some twenty-five years ago a paragraph appeared in the papers saying that D. APPLETON & Co. would give a copy of the largest book they published to any one who would give them a copy of *Crumbs*. An old lady in Maryland sent the copy, which Mr. WILLIAM H. APPLETON caused to be elegantly rebound at an expense of thirty-five dollars, and which he keeps in a velvet-lined silver box at his house. In speaking of the manuscript of authors, Mr. APPLETON says that HUXLEY writes very carefully, and his proof requires little correction. SPENCER rewrites a good portion of his articles from the proof-sheets. Mr. BANCROFT is a very particular writer, and it takes him a long time to prepare a book for the press. Mr. BRYANT did all his labor over the first draft of his poems, and the final manuscript was like copper-plate.

—All those who knew Mr. JOHN IRELAND, for sixteen years past cashier of the New York *Times*, will regret to hear of his death. He was an estimable, quiet, pleasant gentleman, loved and respected in private life, and painstaking and accurate in all his business methods. Mr. IRELAND will be sincerely mourned by a large circle of friends and by his associates in business, with whom his unfailing courtesy and good-humor made him a general favorite. He died in Orange, New Jersey, of consumption, on the 21st of April, at the early age of thirty-eight.

—An interesting scene occurred in the Senate and House at Washington on the 22d of April, viz., the presentation to the government of a little mahogany writing-desk, eighteen by twelve inches, upon which the Declaration of Independence was written by THOMAS JEFFERSON. The present was from the children of the late JOSEPH COOLEDGE, Jun., of Massachusetts, who married Mr. JEFFERSON'S granddaughter, and to whom the desk, bearing an appropriate inscription, was given by Mr. JEFFERSON. It was taken to Washington by the Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, and was sent to Congress by the President, with a message. Short addresses were made by Mr. CRAPO, of Massachusetts, and Mr. TUCKER, of Virginia, in the House, and by Mr. DAWES, of Massachusetts, and Mr. JOHNSTON, of Virginia, in the Senate. The President, Mr. EVARTS, and Sir EDWARD THORNTON were in the galleries during the proceedings. The desk goes to the State Department for preservation.

—Probably none of our younger American artists has, by the originality of his work in black and white, attracted more attention here and in England than Mr. E. A. ABBEY, whose picture, "A Matrimonial Speculation," is given in this paper. Mr. ABBEY is now in Biarritz, France, recovering from a serious illness. The readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE will be pleased to learn that he will soon illustrate for that periodical a paper on this quaint watering-place.

—WIENIAWSKI, the celebrated violinist, died a few weeks since at Moscow, in his forty-fifth year. He married, some eighteen years ago, an English girl of great beauty, and left two children. When EDMUND YATES came to this country, seven years ago, in the *Cuba*, WIENIAWSKI shared the cabin with the chief engineer, a Scotchman of musical inclinations, whose great desire was to hear the famed violinist play. WIENIAWSKI refused for a long time; but one day were heard sounds issuing from the cabin, and the Scotchman, emerging after an interval, said, with a triumphant wink, "I got a scrape out of the beggar at last."

—The three brothers of the late WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT are plain, well-to-do farmers, living in Princeton, Illinois. Mr. J. H. BRYANT is the only one of the three who has written and published poems. He dwells in a handsome house, the gift of his distinguished brother.

—There are in the United States fifty-two papers edited by colored people. The first of these was the *Freedman's Journal*, begun in 1827. For sixteen years, commencing in 1847, FREDERICK DOUGLASS edited the *North Star*, which was a power among the colored race.

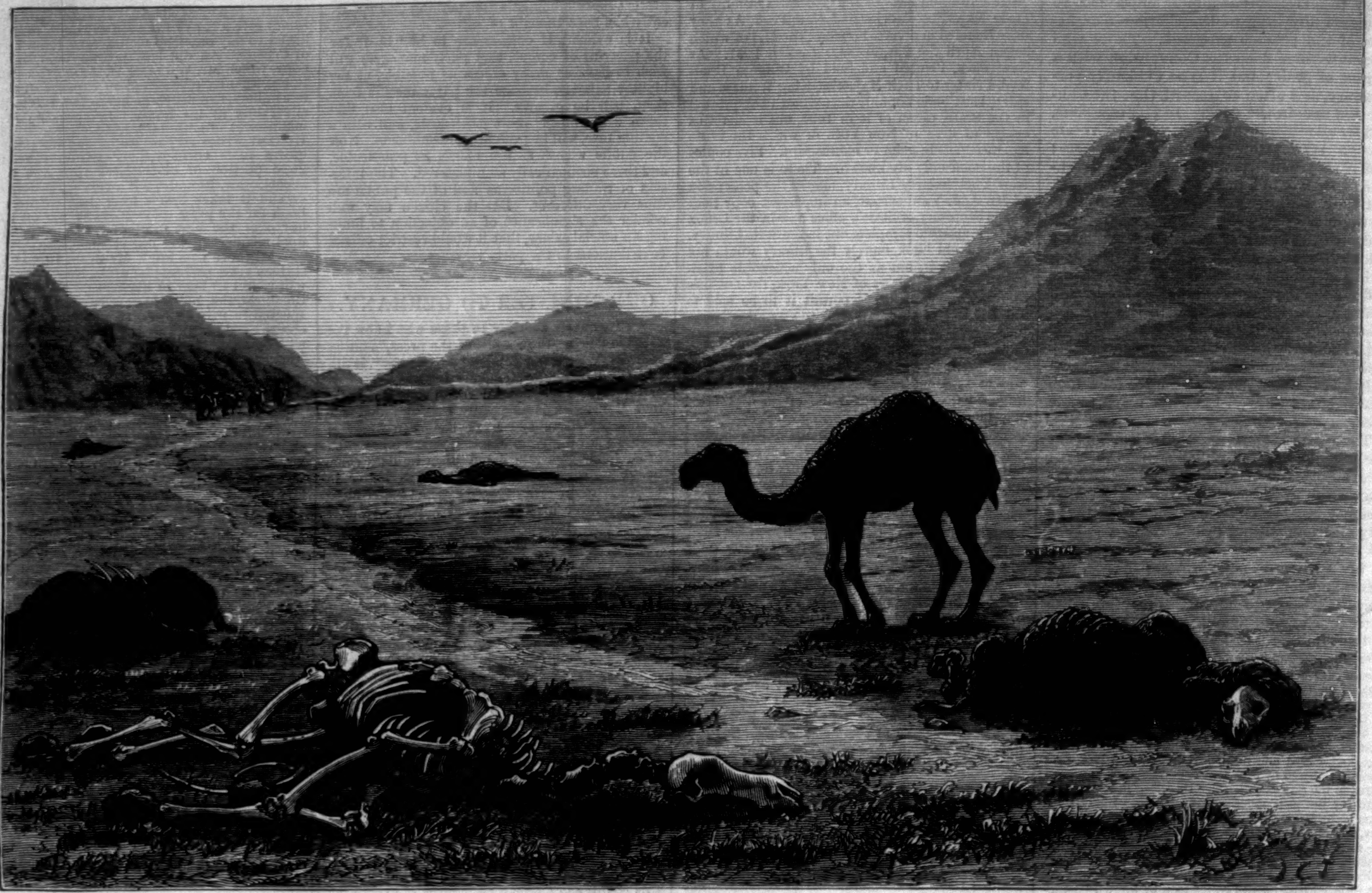
—Senator BLAINE, in the course of a recent speech in the Senate, mentioned that although he had studied law for two years in the office of one of the most eminent practitioners in the United States, he had never been in court as an attorney, plaintiff, defendant, witness, or juror.

—General EDWARD W. HINCKS, who lately resigned the position of commandant of the Soldiers' Home at Milwaukee, after several years' service, has been tolerably well riddled in battles. He was shot through both legs, one of his arms was broken by a rifle-ball, a piece of shell fractured his skull, a musket-ball passed through his body, and he received other wounds. He was left among the dead at Antietam, and his native town generously sent a coffin to bring home his remains.

—MARIO, Marquis of Candia, formerly the most renowned of tenors, is now keeper of the royal museums at Rome, at a salary of $2000 a year. He is seventy-two years of age, and time has whitened his hair and beard. He is always elegantly dressed, and very aristocratic in manners.

—Judge LEVI PARSONS, an opulent gentleman of New York, a former resident of Kingsborough, Fulton County, New York, has given $50,000 to establish a public library for Gloversville and Kingsborough. The citizens of the two places have held a meeting, and resolved to call it the "Parsons Library," and subscribed $5000 for a building lot. Gloversville is known throughout the country for its extensive manufacture of gloves. The business was commenced in 1803, and the village now contains about one hundred and forty establishments, manufacturing two-thirds of the kid and buckskin gloves and mittens made in the United States.

—The late ELLIOT C. COWDIN and some of his early associates are thus alluded to by "Templeton," the Boston correspondent of the Hartford *Courant*: "Mr. COWDIN was thoroughly a Boston boy in feeling and association. He belonged to a remarkable set of merchants' clerks here, among whom were EDWIN P. WHIPPLE, JAMES T. FIELDS, DANIEL L. HASKELL, afterward editor of the *Transcript*, THOMAS R. GOULD, the sculptor, M. P. KENNARD, Sub-Treasurer of Boston, JAMES STARK, the tragedian, some time dead, GEORGE S. BLANCHARD, bookseller, of Cincinnati, and many others of only local reputation with us. They were different from the class of travelling agents into which successful young men in stores graduate nowadays. Mr. COWDIN was regarded as one of the ablest young men of his set." And the position was never lost. He was one of the most intelligent and highly esteemed merchants of New York, not only abounding but foremost in all works that concerned the honor or benevolence of the city or the nation.



LEFT TO DIE—AN INCIDENT OF THE AFGHAN WAR.

LEFT TO DIE.

THE mortality among the camels used by the British forces for transport purposes during the late Afghan war was something enormous. Military authorities admit the loss of over sixty thousand of these useful animals, and newspaper correspondents, with good opportunities for knowing, place it at a still higher figure.

The accompanying sketch represents a pathetic scene which was only too frequent on the various lines of march during that brief but sanguinary conflict. Goaded, ill-tended, overloaded, the camels dropped with fatigue at every stage of the route. Correspondents of the English press describe the scenes as almost too horrible for belief. In many parts of the road lay heaps of carcasses in all stages of decomposition. Twenty animals were sometimes found at one place. Frequently standing or lying near by there would be one or two gaunt specimens still alive, but too weak to move. They had been driven until unable to stagger along any further with their burden, and were left to perish of hunger and thirst by the road-side. A pistol-shot would have put them out of their misery at once, but the invaders were in too much haste to get through the passes to think of mercy toward their pack animals.

THE TRAGEDY AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 299.]

PERGAMENE SCULPTURE.

SOME of the most interesting discoveries of ancient works of art have been made within the last ten years on the site of the ancient city of Pergamus, in Asia Minor, now occupied by the modern town called Bergama. The first of these discoveries was made by Mr. HUMANN, a German civil engineer residing at Smyrna. A correspondent of the *Nation* gives a very interesting account of his explorations, from which we make the following condensed statement.

About ten years ago, while surveying the neighborhood of the site of old Pergamus, Mr. HUMANN discovered near the Acropolis of the ancient city an old wall about twenty feet thick. Perceiving that it was evidently of later construction than the other ruins, he examined it closely, and found that it contained a great number of high reliefs, which had been used as a filling for the inside walls. It happened that Dr. E. CURTIUS, the German Greek historian, was in Asia Minor at that time, and was interested by Mr. HUMANN in the excavation of the ruins. The attention of German archæologists was called to the discoveries, and arrangements were made with the Turkish government for the purchase of whatever works of art might be found in the ruins.

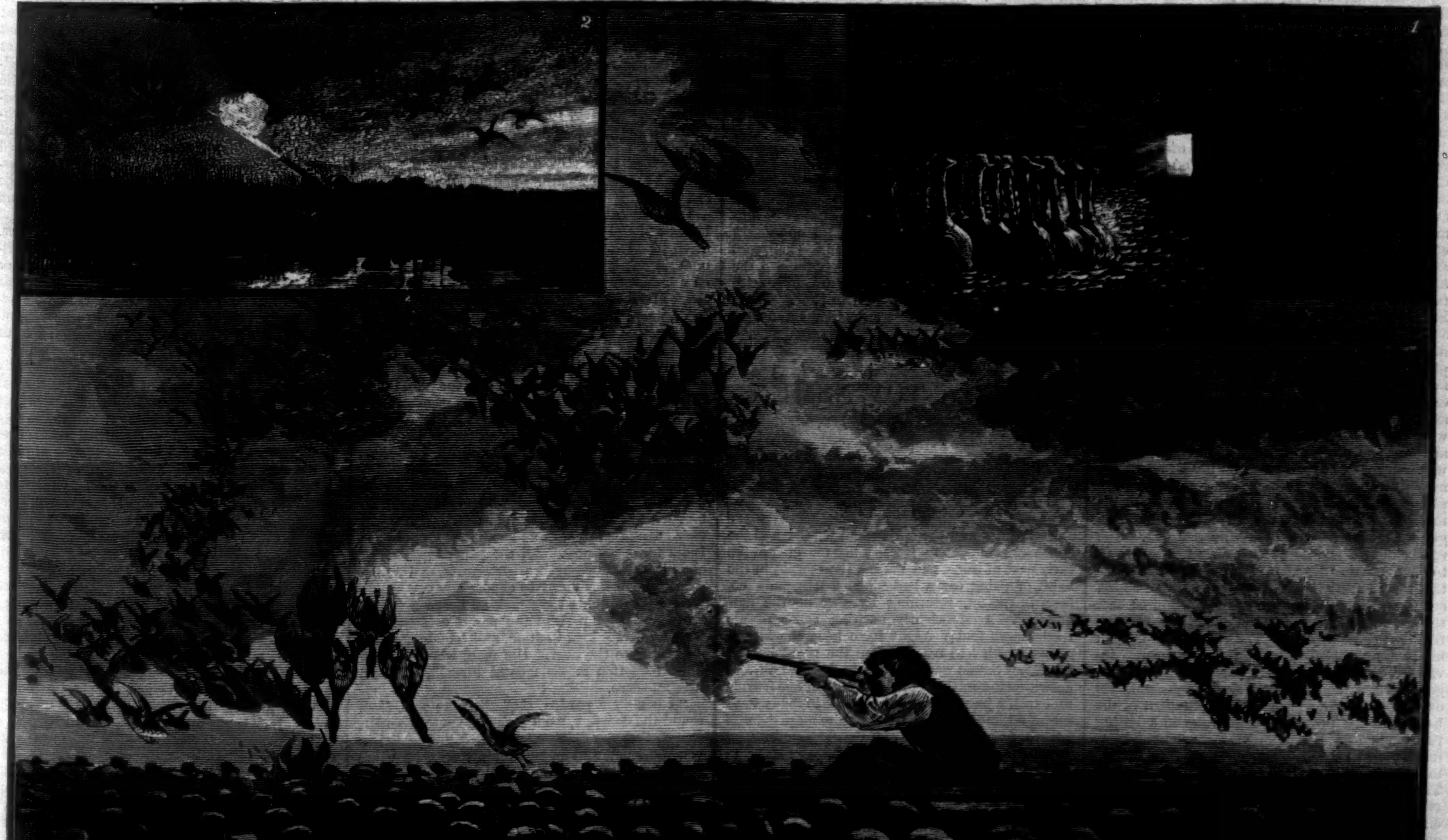
It was soon discovered that the reliefs belonged to the outside wall of a colossal altar, which had been described by a writer in the second century after Christ as being forty feet high, with grand statues, and a battle of the gods with the giants. Acting on this hint, Mr. HUMANN, in the fall of 1878, began to pull down that part of the wall where he had first discovered the reliefs. Two or three days later he telegraphed to Berlin, "Found eleven large reliefs, the greater part of which are full figures, thirty fragments, and the altar itself." A short time after, the whole altar was laid open. It was a magnificent quadrangular structure, each side measuring one hundred feet, and stood in the open air, quite near the most prominent height of the Acropolis.

A GIANT'S HEAD, FROM THE RUINS OF PERGAMUS.

The whole work of excavation, says the correspondent already referred to, "did not quite occupy one year. In May, 1879, the group of the battle of Athene was discovered, and on July 21 the colossal group representing Zeus throwing his thunder-bolt at a giant was restored to daylight by the descendant of one of those barbarians who had shared in the destruction of this masterpiece of antique art. Both these groups were found on the east side of the altar, where the heavy marbles had been torn from their place, and had been used for building the poor huts of uncivilized tribes. The whole ground there is strewn with fragments of statues, relics of giants, and mutilated parts of gods. Only two stone steps of the old marble altar were left in place."

All these fragments have been transferred to Berlin, where artists and archæologists are engaged in the work of reconstructing the altar, which will be forty feet high and four hundred feet in rectangular circumference. The steps and substructure are supposed to have been ten feet high, so that the principal frieze is seen by the beholder some ten feet above the ground. From there an inner marble staircase leads up to the offering altar, which is surrounded by a hall of columns, and around the offering altar itself runs the second smaller frieze, representing the history of the Attalides, and symbolizing the old Greek mythology.

For the present the marbles are in the royal museum at Berlin. The collective sculptures represent the giants storming Olympus, and the figures are full of energy, expression, and action. According to an eminent authority, the altar was erected by King EUMENES II. (195–159 B.C.), who expressed his thankfulness for his victories over the Gauls and other wild tribes by embellishing his capital with works of art.



WILD-FOWL MASSACRES.—DRAWN BY GASTON FAY.—[SEE PAGE 294.]

WILD-FOWL MASSACRES.

Were it possible for the professional sportsman of the past to arise from his grave and revisit his old shooting grounds, he would gaze with astonishment on bays and sounds, now deserted, which in his day were the haunt of a seemingly inexhaustible supply of wild fowl. What to him was a source of important revenue, is to his posterity no longer a field for the exercise of skill and enterprise. The rapid increase of population is not responsible for this, but rather the greed of the present generation, and the non-enforcement of the game-laws. Not only is this the case in the older settlements, but likewise in the sparsely settled North and West. Under an honest enforcement of the laws our bays, sounds, and lakes should to-day witness but little diminution in their myriads of winged inhabitants.

In all probability aquatic birds are as numerous as ever, but they have been diverted from their former line of flight. Instead of following the route of the coast, a large majority strike directly south, across the West India Islands, and seek the Central American States as a secure abiding-place during the winter. The golden plover offers a notable example of this. In former times, about the 1st of September, he visited our coast in countless numbers. Now a flight of this species is rare indeed. It has been supposed by many that his total extermination had been accomplished. Recent researches, however, have revealed the fact that he passes in vast numbers directly from his breeding grounds across the West India Islands, *en route* to Central America, where he abides in security. It is the same with wild geese and ducks.

If we follow the course of the latter from the North to the extreme Southwest, and suppose them to pursue a course parallel with the coast, we will readily understand why the modern bird has grown to be somewhat choice in his line of flight. When he quits the place of his birth, he does so a simple and unsophisticated creature. The blue-nosed Nova Scotian first awakens him to the perils and realities of life. From him he is passed on to the artful and ingenious Yankee. He encounters five different varieties of this subtle race from Maine to Connecticut. He next meets with that apostle of true inwardness, the Long-Islander. Here, indeed, his troubles really begin. From Montauk Point to Sandy Hook he is attacked with sleepless vigilance. Every artifice which the ingenuity of man can devise is used for his destruction, and he passes from the hands of the Long-Islander into those of the meditative Jerseyman a plucked bird indeed. Nor is his reception any the less warm on these shores. Mutilated and infected with malaria, he reaches the land of the butternut Virginian. He finds no rest here for the soles of his feet, but is hurried on down the coast, battered and banged at from every point of land. In Florida he formerly found a haven of rest; but of late he is pursued even there by the invalid and sporting tourist, two of the most merciless specimens of our variegated race. There is no rest for him here, and he continues on, running the gauntlet of the emancipated colored "brother," generous in his use of ammunition. He next receives the attention of the Texan, and from him to the greaser of Mexico, in whose land he makes a brief but troubled stay. It is now time for him to seek a partner, and return north. He retraces the course of his southerly flight, and again runs the gauntlet of his relentless pursuers. Made seven times a widower on his way, he at last reaches his destination a shattered wreck.

The decoy—a fac-simile in wood of the wild goose or duck—was the first device employed to allure wild fowl within reach of a gun. Formerly but six or eight were used. To-day a full set will number from sixty to two hundred, the larger number as auxiliary to the battery—a diabolical engine of destruction. This machine consists of a square box of dimensions sufficient to contain a man prostrate on his back. To this box is attached a platform made of cedar boards. The latter varies in dimensions. Some are eight feet square, others twelve or fourteen feet, while many have canvas fenders attached, the more completely to break the swash of the waves. These machines can only be used during moderate southerly weather. They are transported on large sail boats to the feeding grounds of the birds, where they are launched and anchored. About and on them are placed large numbers of decoys, which are so arranged as to lie head toward the machine. The largest body of decoys are usually placed so that the birds in passing shall swing off toward the left hand. We will now imagine the gunner snugly stowed in his narrow box. The tender lies off and on to the leeward in readiness to pick up the dead. Cripples are seldom retrieved. As the battery is placed wide off shore, sometimes in the very centre of a sound or bay, the crowd of decoys surrounding it are very attractive to passing fowl. The gunner, prone upon his back on a level with the water, is entirely invisible. Flock after flock, unsuspicious of danger, and seeking a favorite feeding ground, will dash in among the decoys. The occupant of the battery at the proper moment rises to a sitting position and pours in among them a right and left hand gun. Possibly at every shot four or five may be killed outright, and as many more crippled. The dead are retrieved by the tender, while the cripples find their way to the shore, where they either die a lingering death, or are destroyed by animals or birds of prey. When ducks are flying freely, and the man in the battery is armed with a breech-loader, and is moreover experienced in this style of shooting, the slaughter is immense. The proportion of wounded to dead is large. It requires no very great effort to calculate the amount of mischief of which the battery is capable. The machine, however, is available only for certain varieties of fowl. Geese may be killed from it, also widgeon, canvas-back, red-head, and all birds whose flight is close to the surface of water. Black ducks and spring-tails, or birds which fly at a considerable altitude, are apt to look into a battery, and consequently avoid it. The use of these machines is not so harmful in large expanses of water as in small and narrow bays. Here they are positively fatal, and should not be tolerated. Laws are, indeed, enacted forbidding their use; but no attention is paid to these statutes, and they are used indiscriminately.

The fire-lighting of geese is done, of course, on very dark nights. On the bow of a boat a lantern similar to the head-light of a locomotive is rigged. The boat is slowly propelled toward the birds on their feeding grounds. These, when the light approaches, sit with heads and necks erect, motionless, and paralyzed with fear. They may be approached within twelve feet. Moreover, the birds in their terror huddle together, so that when fire is opened on them the slaughter is great. After being shot at, they rise on the wing, and in their bewilderment often dash directly against the lantern. The effect of disturbing a wary bird like the goose after this fashion may be readily imagined. A single experience of the kind suffices to drive him panic-stricken finally and forever from such localities. There is a law forbidding this practice; it is seldom or never enforced.

We now come to the dusking of ducks. This is likewise a fatal and reckless way of killing fowl. The black duck, spring-tail, and teal feed usually close under the sedgy shores. During the day, so persistently have they been pursued, it is difficult to entice them to the decoys; consequently they are shot in the dusk of the evening, when the shades of night obscure objects which experience has taught them to avoid. In the early evening the flash of a gun is visible at a great distance; the effect on birds seeking their feeding grounds is disastrous. Laws have been enacted against this method of killing ducks. They are likewise never enforced. On every favorable occasion the shores are lined with gunners, who dusk birds far into the night. For days the particular locality is entirely deserted by these birds, which, when they do return, fly high in the air, and peer cautiously about them. To bring them within gunshot is impossible.

Every season the shooting on our coasts becomes poorer. While birds may be plenty, they are wild, and will not approach closely the decoys. The latter may be placed with ever so much skill; the birds when in sight of them set their wings and give way as if to rush directly among them, but at twenty rods distance they swirl up into the air, and dash off terror-stricken. They have come to understand the fatal quality of the decoy. If proper restrictions were enforced, this need not be the case. In Maryland, where the canvas-back duck shooting is a source of considerable revenue, the State authorities were aroused to protect that which through greed was being rapidly destroyed. Restrictive and wise laws were enacted, a patrol force created, and the waters of the State thoroughly policed. The result is the wild-fowl shooting of the Chesapeake is improving instead of deteriorating. The same wise system might be adopted by the State of New York for the south shore of Long Island and the lakes. New Jersey should adopt similar measures for its coast-line. The present methods of enforcing the game-laws in the States last mentioned are certainly not effective. They should be enforced by a regularly organized force, or repealed entirely. As they now stand, honest men obey them, while rogues violate them with impunity. Why, indeed, should not migratory wild fowl be protected in the spring of the year, as well as the upland game bird and songster? When the former are mating they should not be harassed and tormented, but should be allowed to reach their breeding places undisturbed. The close season should be between the 1st of February and the 1st of September. A law to this effect should be passed, and enforced. Then, notwithstanding the destructive devices in use, the autumn would see our bays and sounds filled with birds. Every female destroyed in the spring is equivalent to ten birds lost to us in the autumn.

Gaston Fay.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1216.]

FELLOW-TOWNSMEN.

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "The Return of the Native," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Distracted Young Preacher," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

The winter and the spring had passed, and the house was complete. It was a fine morning in the early part of June, and Barnet, though not in the habit of rising early, had taken a long walk before breakfast, returning by way of the new building. A sufficiently exciting cause of his restlessness to-day might have been the intelligence, which had reached him the night before, that Lucy Savile was going to India after all, and notwithstanding the representations of her friends that such a journey was unadvisable in many ways for an unpracticed girl, unless some more definite advantage lay at the end of it than she could show to be the case. Barnet's walk up the slope to the building betrayed that he was in a dissatisfied frame of mind. He hardly saw that the dewy time of day lent an unusual freshness to the bushes and trees which had so recently put on their summer habit of heavy leafage, and made his newly laid lawn look as well established as an old manorial meadow. The house had been so adroitly placed between six tall elms which were growing on the site beforehand, that they seemed like real ancestral trees; and the rooks, young and old, cawed melodiously to their visitor.

The door was not locked, and he entered. No workmen appeared to be present, and he walked from sunny window to sunny window of the empty rooms with a sense of seclusion which might have been very pleasant but for the antecedent knowledge that his almost paternal care of Lucy Savile was to be thrown away by her willfulness. Footsteps echoed through an adjoining room; and, bending his eyes in that direction, he perceived Mr. Jones, the architect. He had come to look over the building before giving the contractor his final certificate. They walked over the house together. Everything was finished except the papering: there were the latest improvements of the period in bell-hanging, ventilating, smoke-jacks, fire-grates, and French windows. The business was soon ended, and Jones, having directed Barnet's attention to a roll of wall-paper patterns which lay on a bench for his choice, was leaving to keep another engagement, when Barnet said, "Is the tomb finished yet for Mrs. Downe?"

"Well, yes; it is at last," said the architect, coming back, and speaking as if he were in a mood to make a confidence. "I have had no end of trouble in the matter, and, to tell the truth, I am heartily glad it is over."

Barnet expressed his surprise. "I thought poor Downe had given up those extravagant notions of his. Then he has gone back to the altar and canopy, after all? Well, he is to be excused, poor fellow!"

"Oh no, he has not at all gone back to them—quite the reverse," Jones hastened to say. "He has so reduced design after design that the whole thing has been nothing but waste labor for me, till in the end it has become a common head-stone, which a mason put up in half a day."

"A common head-stone?" said Barnet.

"Yes; I held out for some time for the addition of a foot-stone at least. But he said, 'Oh no; he couldn't afford it.'"

"Ah, well, his family is growing up, poor fellow, and his expenses are getting serious."

"Yes, exactly," said Jones, as if the subject were none of his. And again directing Barnet's attention to the wall-papers, the bustling architect left him, to keep some other engagement.

"A common head-stone," murmured Barnet, left again to himself. He mused a minute or two, and next began looking over and selecting from the paper patterns, but had not long been engaged in the work when he heard another footstep on the gravel without, and somebody enter the open porch.

Barnet went to the door: it was his man-servant in search of him.

"I have been trying for some time to find you, sir," he said. "This letter has come by the post, and it is marked immediate. And there's this one from Mr. Downe, who called just now, wanting to see you."

Barnet took the first letter: it had a black border, and bore the London postmark. It was not in his wife's handwriting, or in that of any person he knew; but conjecture soon ceased as he read the page, wherein he was briefly informed that Mrs. Barnet had died suddenly, on the previous day, at the furnished villa she had occupied near London.

Barnet looked vaguely round the empty hall, at the blank walls, out of the doorway. Drawing a long palpitating breath, and with eyes downcast, he turned and climbed the stairs slowly, like a man who doubted their stability. The fact of his wife having, as it were, died once already, and lived on again, had entirely dislodged the possibility of her actual death from his conjecture. He went to the landing, leaned over the balusters, and after a reverie, of whose duration he had but the faintest notion, turned to the window and stretched his gaze to the cottage further down the road, which was visible from his landing, and from which Lucy still walked to the solicitor's house by a cross path. The faint words that came from his moving lips were simply, "At last!"

Then, almost involuntarily, Barnet fell down on his knees, and murmured some incoherent words of thanksgiving. But, as if the impulse struck uneasily on his conscience, he quickly rose, brushed the dust from his trousers, and set himself to think of his next movements. He could not start for London for some hours; and as he had no preparations to make that could not be made in half an hour, he mechanically descended and resumed his occupation of turning over the wall-papers. They had all got brighter for him, those papers. It was all changed: who would sit in the rooms that they were to line? He went on to muse upon Lucy's conduct in so frequently coming to the house with the children; her occasional blush in speaking to him; her evident interest in him. What woman can, in the long-run, avoid being interested in a man whom she knows to be devoted to her? If human solicitation could ever effect anything, there should be no going to India for Lucy now. All the papers previously chosen seemed wrong in their shades, and he began from the beginning to choose again.

While entering on the task he heard a forced "Ahem!" from without the porch, evidently uttered to attract his attention, and footsteps again advancing to the door. His man, whom he had quite forgotten in his mental turmoil, was still waiting there.

"I beg your pardon, sir," the man said, from round the doorway, "but here's the note from Mr. Downe that you didn't take. He called just after you went out, and as he couldn't wait, he wrote this on your study table."

He handed in the letter—no black-bordered one now, but a practical-looking note in the well-known writing of the solicitor.

"Dear Barnet" (it ran),—"Perhaps you will be prepared for the information I am about to give—that Lucy Savile and myself are going to be married this morning. I have hitherto said nothing as to my intention to any of my friends, for reasons which I am sure you will fully appreciate. The crisis has been brought about by her expressing her intention to join her brother in India. I then discovered that I could not do without her.

"It is to be quite a private wedding; but it is my particular wish that you come down here quietly at ten, and go to church with us; it will add greatly to the pleasure I shall experience in the ceremony, and, I believe, to Lucy's also. I have called on you very early to make the request, in the belief that I should find you at home; but you are beforehand with me in your early rising.

"Yours sincerely, J. Downe."

"Need I wait, sir?" said the servant, after a dead silence.

"That will do, William. No answer," said Barnet, calmly.

When the man was gone, Barnet re-read the letter. Turning eventually to the wall-papers, which he had been at such pains to select, he deliberately tore them into halves and quarters, and threw them into the empty fire-place. Then he went out of the house, locked the door, and stood in the front for a while. Instead of returning into the town, he went down the harbor road, and thoughtfully lingered about by the sea, near the spot where the body of Downe's late wife had been found and brought ashore.

Barnet was a man with a rich capacity for misery, and there is no doubt that he exercised it to its fullest extent now. The events that had, as it were, dashed themselves together into one half hour of this day showed that curious refinement of cruelty in their arrangement which often proceeds from the bosom of the whimsical god at other times known as blind Circumstance. That his few minutes of hope, between the reading of the first and second letters, had carried him to extraordinary heights of rapture, was proved by the immensity of his suffering now. The sun blazing into his face would have showed a close watcher that a horizontal line, which he had never noticed before, but which was never to be gone thereafter, was somehow gradually forming itself in the smooth of his forehead. His eyes, of a light hazel, had a curious look, which can only be described by the word bruised, the sorrow that looked from them being largely mixed with the surprise of a man taken unawares.

The secondary particulars of his present position, too, were odd enough, though for some time they appeared to engage little of his attention. Not a soul in the town knew, as yet, of his wife's death; and he almost owed Downe the kindness of not publishing it till the day was over—the conjuncture, taken with that which had accompanied the death of Mrs. Downe, being so singular as to be quite sufficient to darken the pleasure of the impressible solicitor to a serious extent if made known to him. But as Barnet could not set out on his journey to London, where his wife lay, for some hours (there being at this date no railway within a distance of eighty miles), no great reason existed why he should leave the town.

Impulse in all its forms characterized Barnet, and when he heard the distant clock strike the hour of ten, his feet began to carry him up the harbor road with the manner of a man who must do something to bring himself to life. He passed Lucy Savile's old house, his own new one, and came in view of the church. Now he gave a perceptible start, and his mechanical condition went away. Before the church gate were a couple of carriages, and Barnet then could perceive that the marriage between Downe and Lucy was at that moment being solemnized within. A feeling of sudden proud self-confidence, an indocile wish to walk unmoved in spite of grim environments, plainly possessed him, and when he reached the wicket-gate he turned in without apparent effort. Pacing up the paved footway, he entered the church, and stood for a while in the nave passage. A group of people were standing round the vestry door; Barnet advanced through these, and stepped into the vestry.

There they were busily signing their names. Seeing Downe about to look round, Barnet averted his somewhat disturbed face for a second or two; when he turned again front to front he was calm and quite smiling: it was a creditable triumph over himself, and deserved to be remembered in his native town. He greeted Downe heartily, offering his congratulations.

It seemed as if Barnet expected a half-guilty look upon Lucy's face; but no, save the natural flush and flurry engendered by the service just performed, there was nothing whatever in her bearing which showed a disturbed mind: her gray-brown eyes carried in them now as at other times the well-known expression of common-sensed rectitude which never went so far as to touch on hardness. She shook hands with him, and Downe said, warmly: "I wish you could have come sooner: I called on purpose to ask you. You'll drive back with us now?"

"No, no," said Barnet; "I am not at all prepared; but I thought I would look in upon you for a moment, even though I had not time to go home and dress. I'll stand back and see you pass out, and observe the effect of the spectacle upon myself as one of the public."

Then Lucy and her husband laughed, and Barnet laughed and retired; and the quiet little party went gliding down the nave and toward the porch, Lucy's gray silk dress sweeping with a smart rustle round the base mouldings of the ancient font, and Downe's little daughters following in a state of round-eyed interest in their position, and that of Lucy, their teacher and friend.

So Downe was comforted after his Emily's death, which had taken place twelve months, two weeks, and three days before that time.

When the two flies had driven off, and the spectators had vanished, Barnet followed to the door, and went out into the sun. He took no more trouble to preserve a spruce exterior; his step was unequal, hesitating, almost convulsive; and the slight changes of color which went on in his face seemed refracted from some inward flame. In the church-yard he became pale as a summer

cloud, and finding it not easy to proceed, he sat down on one of the tombstones, and supported his head with his hand.

Hard by was a sexton filling up a grave which he had not found time to finish on the previous evening. Observing Barnet, he went up to him, and recognizing him, said, "Shall I help you home, sir?"

"Oh no, thank you," said Barnet, rousing himself and standing up. The sexton returned to his grave, followed by Barnet, who, after watching him awhile, stepped into the grave, now nearly filled, and helped to tread in the earth.

The sexton apparently thought his conduct a little singular, but he made no observation, and when the grave was full, Barnet suddenly stopped, looked far away, and with a decided step proceeded to the gate and vanished. The sexton rested on his shovel, and looked after him for a few moments, and then began banking up the mound.

In those short minutes of treading in the dead man Barnet had formed a design, but what it was the inhabitants of that town did not for some long time imagine. He went home, wrote several letters of business, called on his lawyer, an old man of the same place, who had been the legal adviser of Barnet's father before him, and during the evening overhauled a large quantity of letters and other documents in his possession. By eleven o'clock the heap of papers in and before Barnet's grate had reached formidable dimensions, and he began to burn them. This, owing to their quantity, it was not so easy to do as he had expected, and he sat long into the night to complete the task.

The next morning Barnet departed for London, leaving a note for Downe to inform him of Mrs. Barnet's sudden death, and that he was gone to bury her; but when a thrice-sufficient time for that purpose had elapsed, he was not seen again in his accustomed walks, or in his new house, or in his old one. He was gone for good, nobody knew whither. It was soon discovered that he had empowered his lawyer to dispose of all his property, real and personal, in the borough, and pay in the proceeds to the account of an unknown person at one of the large London banks. The person was by some supposed to be himself under an assumed name; but few, if any, had certain knowledge of that fact.

The elegant new residence was sold with the rest of his possessions, and its purchaser was no other than Downe, now a thriving man in the borough, and one whose growing family and new wife required more roomy accommodation than was afforded by the little house with the back parlor. Barnet's old habitation was bought by the trustees of the Congregational Baptist body in that town, who pulled down the time-honored dwelling, and built a new chapel on its site. By the time the last hour of that, to Barnet, eventful year had chimed, every vestige of him had disappeared from the precincts of his native town; and the name became extinct in the borough, after having been a living force therein for more than two hundred years.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NEW YORK SEVENTH.

The Seventh Regiment of the National Guard of the State of New York was founded at the Shakspeare Tavern, corner of Nassau and Fulton streets, on the 25th of August, 1824. The four companies which then united to form the "Battalion of National Guards," and are now popularly known as the First, Second, Third, and Fourth companies of the Seventh Regiment, date their origin in 1806, when New York was excited by British depredations upon American commerce, and patriotic young men hastened to enroll themselves in defense of their country. During the war of 1812 these companies served creditably as a part of the Eleventh Regiment, New York Artillery, in the forts and batteries erected for the defense of the city, and they remained a part of that regiment until 1824. The Eleventh Regiment, in accordance with the military regulations at that period, was composed of two battalions, one drilling as infantry, and the other as artillery, and the manifest objections to the union of two arms of the service in one organization, and other important reasons, led to the consideration of a project for a new regiment composed entirely of infantry, and uniformed in an attractive and appropriate style, which finally resulted in the organization now known as the Seventh Regiment.

To Majors John D. Wilson and Prosper M. Wetmore, ex-captains of the Third and Fourth companies of the Infantry Battalion of the Eleventh Regiment, and to Captains Irad Hawley of the First, John Telfair of the Second, William B. Curtis of the Third, and Howard A. Simons of the Fourth companies, is mainly due the honor of organizing the Seventh Regiment. During the spring and summer of 1824 they met frequently at the Shakspeare Tavern to consider the project, and to devise measures to insure its success. The public reception of the Marquis de Lafayette in New York on the 16th of August, and circumstances connected therewith, hastened the completion of these plans, and gave the proposed organization a name and a uniform. The prominent connection of Lafayette with the National Guard of Paris suggested a name for the new organization. At a meeting on the 25th of August the name of "National Guard" was officially adopted, and by this name the Seventh Regiment was popularly known and officially recognized until 1862, when by an act of the Legislature it was made the official designation of the entire uniformed militia of the State of New York. A business coat of gray cloth, with metal buttons and short skirts, made to fit closely and button high, and which was worn by Sergeant Philetus H. Holt of the Fourth Company on the morning of the 16th of August previous to the parade for the reception of Lafayette, suggested the idea of a uniform for the proposed organization. Suitable alterations to the office suit of this popular young flour merchant adapted it to military purposes, and on the 30th of August the gray uniform, substantially as now worn by the Seventh Regiment, was unanimously adopted as the uniform of the new corps. Before the end of the year two new companies were added to the battalion, one (the Fifth) organized by Oliver M. Lownds, Esq., afterward Sheriff of New York, and the other (the Sixth) by Captain Linus W. Stevens, a distinguished officer of artillery in the First Battalion of the Eleventh Regiment. It was not, however, until October 1, 1825, that the new organization was officially recognized by the commander-in-chief, Governor De Witt Clinton, as a separate and independent organization; and in General Orders of that date Major Prosper M. Wetmore was assigned to its command. An additional company (the Seventh) was organized in 1825, and early in 1826 a regimental organization was completed by the addition of another company (the Eighth). On the 26th of May, 1826, the Commander-in-Chief recognized and designated the new regiment as the "Twenty-seventh Regiment, National Guard," Colonel Prosper M. Wetmore commanding. The new regiment numbered among its officers and members many of the active, popular, and ambitious young men of the period; their reputable business and social relations, their neat and soldierly uniform, and their excellent drill and discipline secured at once the favor of the public; and during the early years of its existence the regiment established a local reputation and an honored name which have been maintained without interruption for more than half a century.

The Shakspeare Tavern, where the Seventh Regiment was organized, and which was for many years its head-quarters, was built in part before the Revolutionary war, and was a famous place of resort at this period. Merchants, politicians, artists, and actors of distinction gathered, by day and by night, beneath its hospitable roof, and its public room on the second floor was a favorite place for balls, concerts, and military drills. Hodgkinson, its proprietor, and his successor, Stonall, were famous publicans of that day, and the popularity of the old inn was maintained until the building was demolished by the widening of Fulton Street in 1836.

Colonel Prosper M. Wetmore retired from the command of the regiment in 1827. He had been one of the most popular young men of the period, was a man of varied accomplishments, and continued to be a prominent figure for many years in the public affairs of New York as a government official, and in connection with the Art Union, the Union Defense Committee, and the Chamber of Commerce. He was succeeded by Colonel Linus W. Stevens, an officer of remarkable executive and military ability, and of great decision of character, whose successful administration of its affairs secured for him in later years the title of the "Father of the Regiment." In 1828 he was succeeded by Colonel John J. Manning, who, after a few months, was succeeded by Colonel Levi Hart, and in 1830 Colonel Stevens was again induced to resume the command of the regiment, which he held until December, 1834.

In 1831 the first encampment of the regiment took place at Poughkeepsie, which was followed in 1832 by an encampment at New Haven, and in 1834 by an encampment at Hamilton Square, upon the ground now occupied by the Seventh Regiment New Armory. In April, 1834, the regiment was first called upon to aid in the preservation of public order and the protection of life and property. The "Election Riot"—a violent collision between the Whig and Democratic parties—had resulted in the seizure of the State Arsenal by one of the belligerents. The appearance of the Twenty-seventh (now Seventh) Regiment upon the battle-field resulted in the restoration of peace and order, and in the surrender of the Arsenal to the State authorities. A more dangerous and extensive public disturbance occurred in July, 1834, called the "Abolition Riot." The abolition of slavery was actively agitated at this period, and the prominent antislavery men as well as the colored population of the city became the objects of popular indignation. As the civil authorities and the public generally did not sympathize with the antislavery agitation, no serious effort was made to suppress the outrages upon the persons and property of many inoffensive citizens, until the sacking of houses, stores, and churches by a large and furious mob threatened wide-spread destruction in several parts of the city. After several days and nights of riot and disorder, the services of the regiment were called for on the 11th of July, and the officers and members promptly responded. Late in the evening the regiment was dispatched to Spring Street, near Varick, to disperse a mob that had successfully resisted the efforts of the police, had barricaded the streets, and defied an attack from the military of the city. Amid a shower of stones and missiles the regiment carried the barricades at the point of the bayonet, dispersed the mob, and arrested several of its leaders. Similar but less extensive mobs were dispersed by the regiment while engaged in an attack upon a church in Centre Street, and upon the store of Arthur Tappan, in Hanover Square. The decisive action of Colonel Stevens, and the coolness and discipline of the regiment, soon secured the restoration of order; and Mayor Lawrence, in a message to the Common Council, referred to the services of the regiment in the following words:

"This regiment was charged with the duty of removing the rioters from a section of the city where the most violent outrages had been committed, and in the performance of this service, while assailed by the missiles of the mob, evinced a forbearance commendable in the citizen, united with a determination which belongs to the character of the soldier."

The valuable services of the Seventh Regiment in the "Election" and "Abolition" riots in 1834 first demonstrated to the civil authorities and to the public the absolute necessity of a military organization, thoroughly drilled and disciplined, and composed of men in sympathy with law and order; and since that time the Seventh Regiment has been frequently called upon to protect life and property in the city of New York. In December, 1835, the services of the regiment were required to guard that part of the city devastated by the great fire, and in 1836 it was engaged in the suppression of the "Stevedore Riot." In 1837 it was sent to Wall Street to guard the banks, which were in danger from the excitement caused by the suspension of specie payment; and it was actively engaged in the same year in suppressing the "Flour Riot," caused by a combination of speculators to secure high prices, and which threatened the pillage and destruction of the flour stores of the city. In 1839 the regiment was under orders and fully prepared to depart for the scene of the "Anti-rent War" on the Upper Hudson. In 1840 it was on active duty in the suppression of the "Croton Water Riot," which threatened the destruction, by dissatisfied laborers, of the partially completed aqueduct for the introduction of the Croton water to the city.

In 1835 Colonel Morgan L. Smith succeeded to the command of the regiment, from which he retired in 1837 to seek fame and fortune in Texas, where his energy and ability prominently identified him with the early history of that State before and after its annexation to the United States. Colonel John M. Catlin succeeded Colonel Smith, and in 1839 was succeeded by Colonel William Jones, who retired in 1844 to accept the office of Sheriff of the city and county of New York. Colonel Washington R. Vermilye, the distinguished banker, commanded the regiment in 1844–45; Colonel A. A. Bremmer in 1846–48; and in 1849 Colonel Abram Duryee became its commandant. During all this period the regiment maintained a leading position among the military organizations of the city, was relied upon by the city authorities on all occasions of public disturbance, and was prominent in all parades to celebrate great events, and to honor persons of distinction, the guests of the city, or the memory of the distinguished dead.

The "Astor Place Riot," which occurred in April, 1849, is a memorable event in the history of the Seventh Regiment. All efforts of the civil authorities to disperse the violent mob which thronged Astor Place and adjacent streets, with the determination to drive Macready, the English tragedian, from the stage of the Opera-house, and which threatened the destruction of the building itself, had failed, and the Seventh Regiment was hastily summoned, and promptly marched to the scene of disorder. The fury of the mob was now concentrated upon the citizen-soldiers; and although many officers and men were injured or disabled by clubs and stones, the regiment patiently and heroically maintained its position and awaited orders. The appeals and remonstrances of the magistrates were in vain, and at last the order to fire upon the mob was received. At the first volley the more prudent and timorous hastily fled, and a second discharge of musketry, most fatal in its effect, drove the bleeding rioters, demoralized and defeated, from the streets. A more salutary lesson to the disorderly was never given in any city, and the influence upon the dangerous classes of the prompt and effective action of the regiment on this occasion has not yet passed away. To the friends of law and order the Seventh Regiment was doubly endeared by its heroic action in Astor Place in April, 1849, and ever since that day it has maintained an enviable and undisputed position in the public favor.

In 1850 the regiment encamped at Newport, in 1852 at New Haven, in 1855 at Kingston, and in 1860 at New Dorp, Staten Island. In 1857 it was prominently engaged in the suppression of the "Police Riot" and the "Dead Rabbit Riot," and it aided the civil authorities in all the notable public disturbances which occurred from 1850–60. Its excursion to Boston in 1857 to attend the celebration of the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, and to Richmond in 1858 as escort to the remains of ex-President Monroe, extended its reputation as a military organization; and during the long administration of that distinguished commandant Colonel Abram Duryee it enjoyed an enviable prosperity. In July, 1859, Colonel Duryee resigned his commission, and was succeeded by Colonel Marshall Lefferts.

The principal events with which the Seventh Regiment had been connected were somewhat local in character, but in 1861 it was destined to achieve a national reputation. Before the fall of Sumter its commandant, by authority of the Board of Officers, had made known to the highest military and civil officials of the State and general governments that the regiment could be relied upon to aid in the defense of the Union, the protection of public property, and the preservation of the honor and integrity of the nation. With the first overt act of hostility its services were promptly tendered, and were accepted; and on the 19th of April, 1861, it marched away, a thousand strong, to the defense of the national capital. The universal excitement and intense enthusiasm of that day can hardly be described, nor can the influence upon the public mind of the prompt action of the Seventh Regiment in that great emergency of the country's history be overestimated. It was the first formidable declaration in behalf of the perpetuity of the Union. Representing the wealth and commercial interests of the metropolis, and numbering in its ranks men of all shades of political opinion, its action pledged New York and its people to the maintenance of the government, and roused the slumbering loyalty of the country. "When the Seventh marched, New York went to the war."

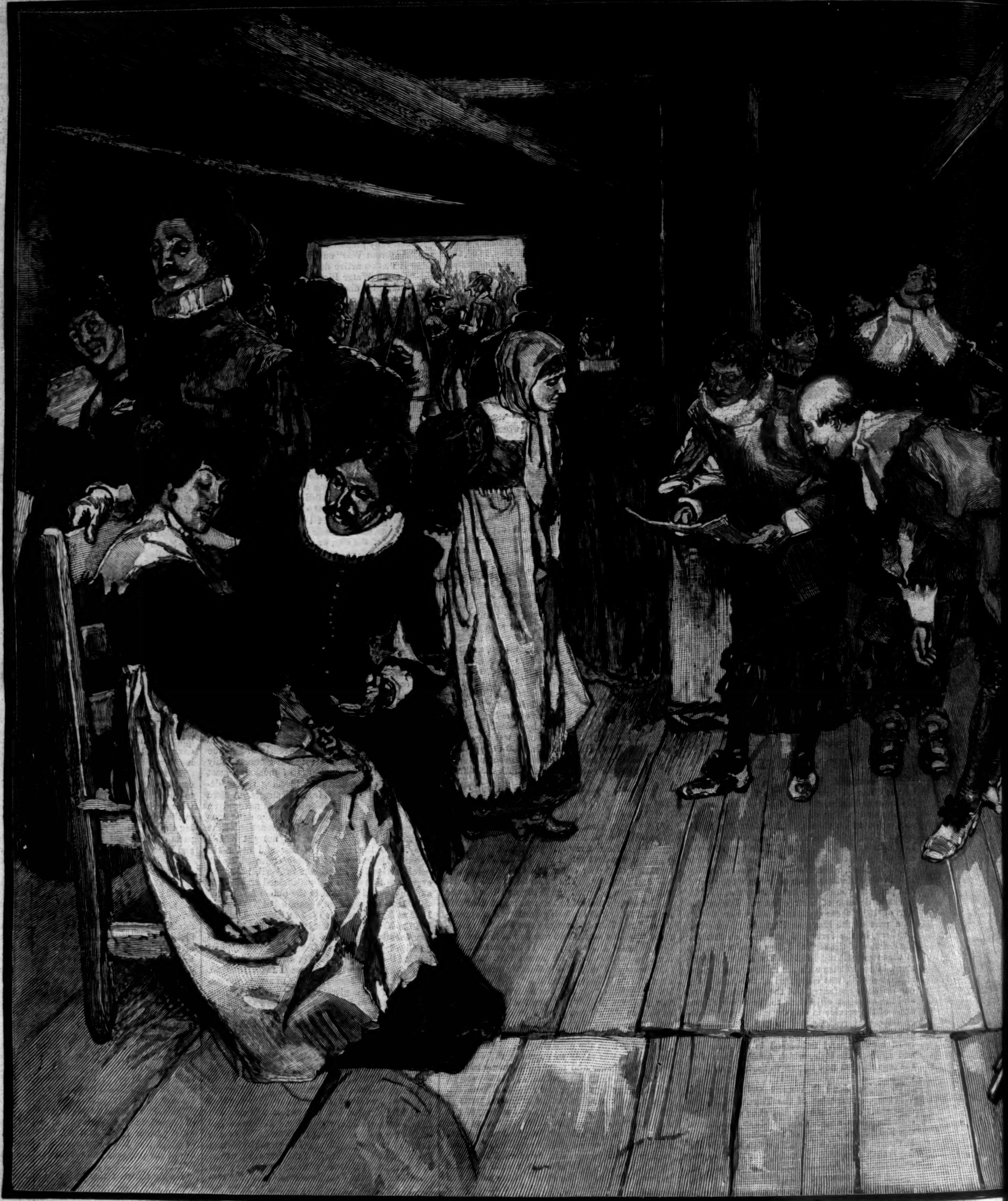
Upon arrival at Philadelphia it was ascertained that communication with Washington by rail had been destroyed, and a steamer was chartered, upon the credit of its officers, to convey the regiment to Annapolis. From that point it pushed forward to Washington, repairing the railroad track as it proceeded, marching steadily forward, by night and by day, in spite of extraordinary atmospheric changes, including rain and the extremes of heat and cold, and suffering intensely from want of food and sleep, until at last the capital was reached, and Washington was safe. For nearly a week it had been a beleaguered city. The clouds of war were rapidly rolling toward it from the South, disloyalty was publicly proclaimed in its streets, and enemies not a few stood between it and friendly succor. With the coming of the Seventh, anxiety, care, and alarm departed; loyal men became bold and hopeful; and President Lincoln, General Scott, and other distinguished military and civic officials welcomed the regiment as the savior of the capital. After a week's quarters in the halls of the national capital, and nearly a month in camp at Meridian Hill, the regiment crossed the Potomac at Long Bridge on the 23d of May as a part of the Union troops ordered to occupy Arlington Heights and vicinity. Its members worked faithfully in the trenches, and performed the other duties of soldiers in the field until ordered to Washington for return to New York. The term for which the regiment was mustered (thirty days) had been more than accomplished, and its discharge from the service was accompanied with complimentary expressions from the War Department, the Union Defense Committee, and the Mayor and Common Council of New York.

In May, 1862, the safety of the national capital was imperiled by the defeat of General Banks in the Shenandoah Valley, and the Seventh Regiment again volunteered its services to the national government. It left New York May 26, about eight hundred strong, but was detained at Baltimore, the immediate danger to the national capital having passed away. For three months it served faithfully and creditably in the Middle Department, under Generals Dix and Wool, garrisoning for most of the time Fort Federal Hill, one of the most important posts in the country. In June, 1863, the invasion of Pennsylvania by General Lee alarmed the North, the aid of the militia of the loyal States was called for, and the Seventh Regiment was again the first to leave for the seat of war. Again it was directed to and detained at Baltimore, where it garrisoned Fort Federal Hill, and performed a great variety of important military duty, until the 6th of July, when it was ordered to Frederick, Maryland, and attached to the Third Army Corps, General French commanding. The successful retreat of General Lee across the Potomac was immediately followed by news of the great "Draft Riots," and the Seventh Regiment was ordered to hasten to the rescue and protection of New York city from one of the most extensive and violent mobs known in history. The presence of the regiment, and its prompt and decisive action in the most riotous districts, with the return of other militia regiments, and the gallantry of the police, soon restored peace and order, and after a long term of guard duty, the regiment was mustered out of the service.

The service of the Seventh Regiment to the country during the war, 1861–65, was not limited to the duty performed in its three campaigns. Over six hundred of its members became officers in the regular and volunteer army and navy during the war; they served with distinction in all parts of the country; many achieved high rank and honors in recognition of their gallantry; and fifty-eight of the number sealed their devotion to the country with their lives.

In June, 1864, Colonel Marshall Lefferts resigned his commission, and Colonel Emmons Clark, the present commandant, was elected his successor. During the entire period of the present administration the regiment has enjoyed great popularity and prosperity, and although the standard of military excellence is much higher since the war, it has maintained its old-time reputation for drill and discipline. Among the prominent events in the history of the regiment since the accession of Colonel Clark, may be mentioned the funeral of President Lincoln in 1865, when the regiment was the guard of honor; the excursions to Norwich in 1868, to Albany, Troy, and Saratoga in 1869, and to Philadelphia and Cape May in 1870; the "Orange Riot" in 1871, when the Seventh Regiment was assigned to the right of the column of the escort to the Orangemen; the encampment at Saratoga in 1872; the excursion to Boston, to attend the centennial celebration of the battle of Bunker Hill, in 1875; the encampment at Philadelphia, and parade in honor of the centennial of American independence, in 1876; and the great "Labor Riots" in 1877, from the dangers of which New York city happily escaped by reason of the presence and services of the National Guard.

During the past three years the time and attention of the commandant of the regiment and of many of its officers and members have been absorbed in the erection of a new armory, and in securing by voluntary subscription the means for that purpose. The complete success of the enterprise, which was finally secured by the extraordinary results of the great fair in aid of the New Armory Fund, held in November last, is evidence of the high place which the Seventh Regiment now holds in the hearts of the people of New York. The New Armory, although occupied by the regiment during the present month, will not be completed until late in the year. It is admirably adapted to its purposes, and is creditable in all respects to the regiment and to the city. With the improved facilities for military exercise, and the superior and attractive accommodations offered by the New Armory, it is not unreasonable to expect that the history of the Seventh Regiment will be as brilliant in the future as in the past.



A MATRIMONIAL SPECULATION—AN EPISODE IN TH

WIVES AND TOBACCO.

A HUNDRED and twenty pounds of tobacco for a wife: that was the way the case stood among the early settlers of Virginia. Tobacco was plenty, women were scarce, and Sir EDWIN SANDYS had received an inspiration. The colonists were restless and discontented, prone to gather up their small accumulations and rush homeward at the first chance. Sir EDWIN desired them to become rooted upon the soil, and his fertile brain devised a means. Thus we read in records of the Virginia Company:

"And because he understood that the people thither transported, though seated there in their persons for some foure yeares, are not settled in their minds to make it their place of rest and continuance, but hauing gotten some wealth there, to return agayne to England. For the remedying of that mischiefe, and of establishing a perpetuitie of the Plantation, he aduised and made it his Third Proposition to send them ouer One hundred young Maides to become wifes: children and familie might make them less mouable, and settle them together with their Posteritie in the Soile."

There can be no question that the early Virginians needed the influence of women, if ever men did. We learn that one-half at least of those who were destined to form the nucleus of our great nation were "gentlemen of birth and education." But if the conclusion were to follow that the majority of these people were men of wealth and standing in their own land, it would be far from correct. On the contrary, at least four-fifths of those who styled themselves gentlemen, and by the courtesy of their companions were acknowledged as such, were starveling gallants, thriftless younger sons, and reckless tavern-haunting vagabonds, sent by their friends to Virginia because they were incapable of being put to any use at home. "These idle do-nothings in taffeta rags," says one of our American historians, "with roses in their shoes and swaling feathers in their hats, swaggered about among the more industrious settlers, too proud to soil their delicate hands with labor, but always ready to claim their full share of the common kettle." It was of these gentlemen, impoverished in spirit and fortune, a burden rather than a help to the colony, that Captain SMITH at a later date wrote to the Virginia Company, saying, "I entreat you, when you send next, to send thirty carpenter
fishermen, blacksmiths
trees' roots, rather th
have."

Sir EDWIN SANDYS
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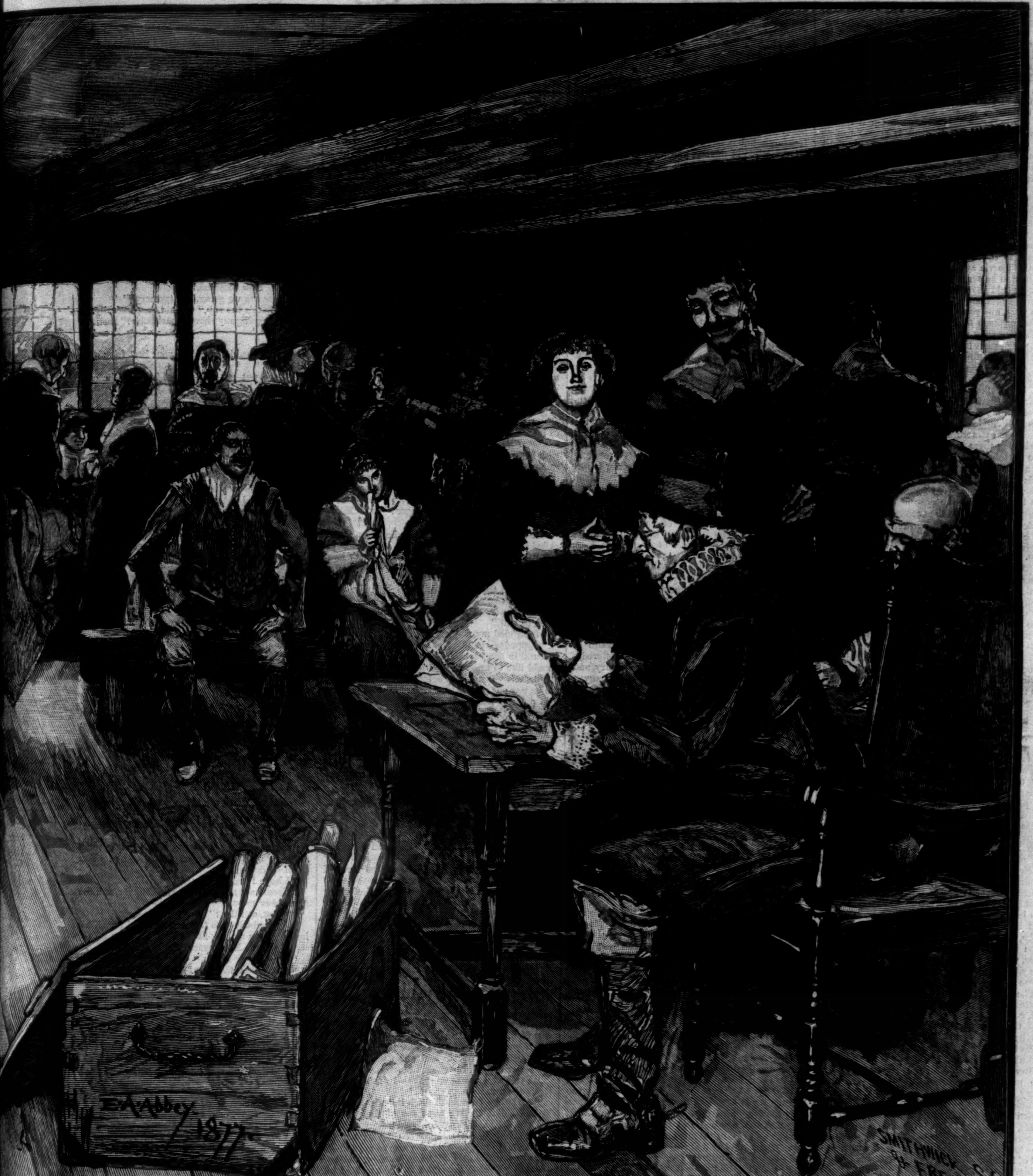

TH[E E]ARLY HISTORY OF VIRGINIA.—Drawn by E. A. Abbey.

...[hus]bandmen, gardeners, ...[sm]iths, ...s, and diggers-up of ... [th]ousand such as we

...[m]an who meant re- ...[b]ecame Treasurer, or ...[nei]ther threats nor lures ...[stay]ing the corruptions ...[ha]d for so many years ...t. During twelve ...[exp]ended by the Com- ...[ob]tained but 600 per- ...[the] basis of the state's

welfare is family life, and he made up his mind that the great need was women. In one year he provided passage for 1261 emigrants to America. Among them were ninety "young and incorrupt women." Children also were sent out in considerable numbers, gathered from among the homeless boys and girls of London. The young women were received with especial favor. They were soon disposed of, being either married by the Company's servants, or by men well able to defray the expenses of their transportation and support them comfortably.

Unfortunately for the interests of the Company, Sir Edwin Sandys held the office of Treasurer for only one year, being excluded from re-election by the arbitrary interference of King James. His successor, however, the Earl of Southampton, adopted many of his opinions in regard to what would conduce to the welfare of the colony. The "young and virtuous maides" continued to be sent out in installments, and finally the Company ventured upon the exportation of a widow. In 1621 the good ship *Marmaduke*, westward bound, contained a party of ladies invoiced and accounted for in the following extract from an official letter:

"We send you in this shipp one widdow and eleven maids for wives for the people of Virginia; there hath been especiall care had in the choise of them, for there hath not any one of them been received but uppon good commendation, as by a noat herewith sent you may perceive; we pray you all therefore in generall to take them into your care, and more especially we recommend them to you, Mr. Pountes, that of their first landings they may be housed, lodged, and fed, and provided for of diet till they be marryed, for such was the haste of sending them away, as that straightened with time we had no means to putt provisions aboard, which defect shall be supplied by the Magazine shipp; and in case they can not be presently marryed we desire they may be put to several householders that have wives until they may be provided of husbands. There are neare fiftie more which are shortly to come, we sent by our most honorable Lord William, the Earle of Southampton, and certain worthy gentlemen, who taking into their consideration that the Plantation can never flourish till families be planted and the respect of wives and children fix the people in the soyle; therefore having given this faire beginninge for the re-imbursinge of whose charges, itt is ordered that ev-

ery man that marries them give 120[lb] waight of the best leafe Tobacco for each of them, and in case any of them dye that proportion must be advanced to make it upp to uppon those that survive; and this certainly is sett downe for that the price sett upon the boyes sent last yeare being 20[lb] which was so much money out of purse here, there was returned 66[lb] of Tobacco only and that of the worst and basest so that fraight and shrinkage reconed together with the baseness of the Comoditie there was not half returned, which injury the Company is sensible of as they demand restitution, which accordingly must be had of them that took uppon them the dispose of them the rather that no man may mistake himself in accomptinge Tobacco to be currant 3s sterling contrary to expresse orders. And though we are desirous that marriage be free according to the law of nature, yett under vow not have those maids deterred and married to servants but only to such freemen or tenants as have meanes to maintaine them; we pray you therefore to be fathers to them in this business not enforcing them to marrie against their wills; neither send we them to be servants but in case of extremitie, for we would have their condition so much better as multitudes may be allured thereby to come unto you; and you may assure such men as marry those women that the first servants sent over by the Company shall be consigned to them, it being our intent to preserve families and proper married men before single persons: The Tobacco that shall be due upon the marriage of these maides we desire Mr. POUNTES to receive and return by the first as also the little quantities of Pitzarn Rock and Piece of Oare the copie of whose bill is here returned."

The solicitude of the Company for the young women was extraordinary. Great care was taken in selecting them, and the colonists were desired to be grateful accordingly. A month later than the above letter was written, thirty-eight more maids were sent out, according to promise, by the *Tyger*, for the purpose of making up, together with those sent by the *Marmaduke*, the number of fifty. In this case the accompanying letter or invoice inclosed a carefully prepared statement of the character of each maid. This was for the satisfaction of the persons who were to marry them. At the same time notice was given of the company's intention to send over, the following spring, a number of apprentices to each man who should establish family relations in this way, and promptly pay the debt thereby incurred. It was also desired that great care should be used by those having the business in charge that none of the maids fell to the lot of unworthy men, or those unable to pay down on the spot the allotted portion of tobacco. If, however, such a calamity did occur, or any imprudent maid insist upon bestowing herself upon an irresponsible individual, then the debt was to be remembered against him, and collected at the first opportunity.

How the Company ever arrived at such exact estimates of the value of wives as its documents show, is something of a mystery. At the time the party on the *Tyger* was sent out, the price seems to have risen. This fact is duly set forth in the letter. We learn that the Company hopes that the maids will be "receiued wth the same Christian pietie as they were sent from hence; the providinge for them at theire first landing, and disposinge of them in marriage (w[ch] is o[r] cheife intent), we leaue to y[r] care and wisdome to take that order as may most conduce to their good and satisfacеon of the Aduenturers, for the charges disbursed in settinge them forth which come to twelve pounds and upwards, they require one hundred and fiftie of the best leafe tobacco for each; and if any of them dye there must be a proportionable addition uppon the rest; this increase of thirty pounds weight since those sent in the *Marmaduke*, they have resolved to make, finding the great shrinkage and other losses upon the tobacco from Virginia will not beare lesse, w[ch] tobacco as it shall be receiued, we desire shall be delivered to M[r] ED. BLANY, who is to keepe thereof a p[ar]ticular accompt."

The habit among the early Virginians of estimating all values according to the tobacco standard, curious as it seems to us, grew out of the fact that this weed was the one valuable commodity the colony produced. The use of tobacco spread only too rapidly after Sir WALTER RALEIGH's introduction of it among the nobility and gentry of England. As the demand increased, the profits became correspondingly great, and every other species of industry in Virginia was abandoned for this one. The houses were neglected; the palisades suffered to rot down; the fields, gardens, and public squares, even the very streets of Jamestown, were planted with tobacco. The towns-people, more greedy of gain than mindful of their own security, scattered abroad into the wilderness, where they broke up small pieces of rich ground, and made their crops, regardless of their proximity to the Indians, on whose good faith so little reliance could be placed. As early as the year 1610 tobacco was in general use in England. The manner of using it was partly to inhale the smoke and blow it out through the nostrils, and this was called "drinking tobacco." In 1614 the number of tobacco-houses in or near London was estimated at seven thousand. In 1620 was chartered the Society of Tobacco-pipe Makers, of London, which bore on its shield a tobacco plant in full blossom.

In 1621 a crusade against tobacco in England threatened the very existence of the colony. Even in the House of Commons a debate took place regarding the expediency of prohibiting altogether the importation of tobacco. Finally, however, it was determined to exclude all save from Virginia and the Somer Isles. King JAMES, reigning monarch of England, was a deadly opponent of tobacco. "The *Counterblast against Tobacco*, attributed to JAMES the First," writes CAMPBELL, in his *History of Virginia*, "if in some parts absurd and puerile, yet is not without a good deal of just reasoning and good sense; some fair hits are made in it, and those who have ridiculed that production might not find it easy to controvert its views." The king thus reasons against the Virginia staple: "Secondly it is as you use or rather abuse it, a branch of the sin of drunkenness which is the root of all sins, for as the only delight that drunkards love any weak or sweet drink, so are not those (I mean the strong heat and fume) the only qualities that make tobacco so delectable to all lovers of it? And as no man loves strong heavy drinks the first day (because nemo repente fuit turpissimus), but by custom is piece and piece allured, while in the end a drunkard will have as great a thirst to be drunk as a sober man to quench his thirst with a draught when he hath need of it, so is not this the true case of all the great takers of tobacco, which before they themselves do attribute to a bewitching quality in it? Thirdly is it not the greatest sin of all that you, the people of all sorts in this kingdom who are created and ordained by God to bestow both your persons and goods for the maintenance both of the honor and safety of your king and commonwealth, should disable yourself to this shameful imbecility that you are not able to walk the journey of a Jew's Sabbath but you must have a reeky coal brought you from the next poor-house to kindle your tobacco with? whereas he can not be thought able for any service in the wars that can not endure ofttimes the want of meat, drink, and sleep; much more must he endure the want of tobacco."

In spite, however, of the facility with which he handled his pen, there are probably few monarchs that have ever had less influence with their people than JAMES. The action of the Parliament had turned in favor of the Virginians, and the cultivation of tobacco went on apace. The amount of tobacco imported into England in 1619 from Virginia, being the entire crop of the preceding year, was twenty thousand pounds. The tobacco-bought wives proved an inestimable blessing to the colony. "Nothing," writes one of our historians, "tended so effectually to restrain the reckless spirit and unsettled habits of the colonists as the introduction of so many women among them. The debt for a wife was a debt of honor, and took precedence of any other. Married men were regarded by the Company as the better and more reliable portion of the community, and favored accordingly." There can be no question that Sir EDWIN SANDYS's wise measure served to establish the colony upon a permanent basis. The formation of domestic attachments, the beauty of the climate, a personal interest in the soil, and the peaceful bearing of the surrounding Indians gradually excited a desire in many to end their days in a land which offered a comfortable subsistence to ordinary industry, and numerous facilities for the rearing of a family.

[Continued from No. 1218, Page 282.]

ALL THROUGH BROWN!

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "FOR HER SAKE," "COWARD CONSCIENCE," "SECOND-COUSIN SARAH," ETC.

I REMEMBERED all about Brown the next day, with the exception of his promise to take me for a little stroll. I had quite forgotten that. But I couldn't get Brown out of my head, and, if I had tried ever so much, I am perfectly certain Mrs. Kirkpatrick would not have allowed it. She wanted to know a great deal concerning Brown—who he was, what he was, and where I'd picked him up. That is not a nice expression—"picked him up"—is it?

It would be difficult to estimate the number of questions Mrs. Kirkpatrick put to me, but it was clearly evident she did not like Brown; she was "dead against him" at first sight, for Brown had not looked particularly prepossessing last night with his head on one side, and his hat on one side, and himself on one side. I don't think a man ever looks his best in that style, except in oil-colors.

Well, Selina almost hated Brown. "To go sotting together, the two of you, in a bar parler"—Selina always *will* say parler—was disgraceful! What we had to talk about all the time she couldn't think, but we were after no good, that was certain; and she only had my word for it that we *did* spend the evening like that. She shouldn't wonder, not she, if we were not up to some games somewhere, and that this was a paltry excuse. She supposed there was a bar-maid or waitress, or some fast hussy or other, at the "Fox and Goose," if she only knew the rights of it. Don't tell her that two men are going to *booze* for hours, and talk of their school-days—oh no! she wasn't a child to be deceived in that way. If she was a little older than I, she had a wise head on her shoulders, and if she only caught me with anybody—if she only— *Rat-a-tat-a-tat-a-tat-a-tat-TAT!*

"Brown!" I gasped forth, when the noise of the summons had subsided.

"*What!*" shrieked Selina.

"I'm sure it's Brown—it's his knock," said I, meekly.

"How do you know it's his knock?" asked Mrs. Kirkpatrick, severely.

"I don't *know* it's his knock—I never heard him knock before in my life—but it sounds like Brown."

It WAS Brown; and to this day Selina Kirkpatrick is firmly convinced that it was all arranged between us.

Brown came in brisk and agile, and shook hands with me. He was certainly a man of great self-possession, for, undaunted by Mrs. Kirkpatrick's glassy stare, he seized her hand, and shook it violently also. When he had done shaking it, I was doubtful of the consequences, Mrs. K. being so very excitable. If Montgomery had suddenly received a "back-hander," I should not have been surprised; but his coolness carried the position.

"I am so glad to see you, Mrs. Kirkpatrick—you can't imagine how pleased I am to make your acquaintance," he said. "I heard so much about you last night: we spent the evening talking of you."

"Very kind of you, I'm sure," said Mrs. Kirkpatrick, ironically. "Pity you couldn't get your talk over earlier."

"Madam," said Brown, with tears in his eyes, "we are companions of youth, and all that sort of thing. We were brothers—more than brothers—in our boyhood's days. Weren't we, Ginger?"

I hardly knew how to reply, but I agreed with him that we were.

"And if the two of you—"

Brown here took the liberty of interrupting Mrs. K.

"One moment, my dear madam, one moment," he said, in his most insinuating manner, in a "What's-the-next-little-article" kind of way that was always effective in his business. "I have to confess we were somewhat overcome on the occasion of our meeting, and that poor Ginger would have had—well, perhaps, a slight difficulty in finding his way home without me. But this is not a customary weakness—oh no! It is not my old school-fellow's; pray accept the assurance that it is not mine. The man who—"

"Look here, what do you want with my Teddy?" asked Mrs. Kirkpatrick, abruptly.

Brown's eloquence had not impressed my better half. Brown's appearance had; he was in his best things—a cut-away coat, with half a dozen flowers in his button-hole; a white waistcoat, with lappets that caught the eye, and made him look all waistcoat; and a blue satin neck-tie, relieved by brimstone-colored lozenges. As for his jewelry—well, I hope he came by it honestly, for what with his watch chain and locket, breastpin, signet rings, and solitaires, there must have been about three-quarters of a pound of precious metal on him—or something that looked like precious metal at a distance.

"What do I want with Ginger?" said Montgomery.

"If you like to call him and he likes to be called Ginger, yes."

"I promised I would go for a stroll with him this afternoon—just an hour's stroll in the Park—and here I am."

"Oh, yes, there you *am*," said Mrs. Kirkpatrick; and then she faced me with an expression that I did not like. "You never told me anything of this."

"It slipped my memory."

"Slipped your fiddlesticks! What do you want to stroll in the Park on Sunday afternoons for, I should like to know?"

Now this was not kind before Brown. It wasn't a nice way; it was dictatorial and lowering—very lowering; it made me wild. In secret, in the bosom of the shop, I have borne this kind of thing; but with the eye of society, the eye of Brown, in his best things, too, upon me, it would have been unmanlike to succumb.

"I thought the fresh air would do me good, Mrs. Kirkpatrick," I said, loftily; "and if you have any unnatural prejudice against fresh air, I am sorry for it. I am going out!"

"And joy go with you!" said Mrs. K., flouncing from the room, and slamming the door with a violence that "as near as a toucher" brought the shutters of the shop down into the street.

Brown shrugged his shoulders, and grimaced across at me.

"What are you making those faces for?" I asked, for I was not easy in my mind.

"She's not fit for you, Ginger," he said, shaking his head. "I am frank, and must say so. I have always noticed that the wives of men of genius don't understand their husbands—it's the rule, Ginger—and there *is* genius in you, and no mistake."

"What makes you think so?"

"I have been reading your poem—on the bottles of the Renovator; there's the true ring in those bottles—I mean those verses."

"I am glad you like them; I took a deal of pains with them. I say, am I quite smart enough for you to-day?"

"Well," said Brown, "I—I think you'll do; but if you had anything livelier than that black stock, with the buckle and strap wagging over the collar behind, it wouldn't be amiss."

"I've a green satin up stairs—I was married in it; but—Mrs. K. is up stairs!"

"Ah! then I wouldn't fetch it."

And I didn't. We went out of the premises quietly. Mrs. Kirkpatrick said afterward that we sneaked out like a couple of thieves; but that is strong language. Still, she saw us go, and she called to us from the first-floor window, and half a dozen people in the street stopped to hear her injunctions.

"Don't you be late—don't you keep me waiting for my tea, or you'll hear of it again."

Now there was a nice thing to shriek at a man when going for a stroll! Of course everybody laughed. Montgomery laughed too, and a little boy called out:

"Way—oh! Give it him 'ot, missus; he ain't got no friends!"

Montgomery pressed my arm.

"That's just what he has got—eh, Ginger?"

"Got it hot?"

"No; got friends. Friends to stand by you."

"Yes. I don't feel entirely alone."

I walked up the High Street in a depressed condition of mind. I felt that I was out without leave, in flat disobedience to orders. And I had been accustomed for years to rely on Mrs. Kirkpatrick. Brown's was a nature too strong for me; it was whirling me away. He was the turbid torrent, and I was the visible straw.

When we were out of High Street, and turning into Muddleborough Free Park, my spirits rose somewhat.

"What a beautiful day! What a lot of people!" I said.

"I should think so. All the beastly shops shut, thank goodness! Not that I want so many people about to-day. Oh no—not at all."

"Why not?"

"I'll tell you presently. Look out, Ginger," he cried, "here's McRashie coming. I wouldn't have him see me for the world."

"Lor' bless us!"

"Get behind this tree, there's a good fellow."

I did so at his request, wondering if he had Mr. McRashie's jewelry on; but that was an unjust suspicion. The great linen-draper passed, with his head in the air, haughty and stern and puffy.

"The tyrant!" muttered Brown, shaking his fist after him; "but the hour will come to trample him in the dust."

"He will be your father-in-law some day," I said, reprovingly; "don't trample him."

"Let him beware of that eventful hour."

"You should remember that he is Tilda's parent," I added, still reprovingly.

"I sha'n't forget it. And if he doesn't give me a clear half of the business, he won't forget it either. Now come on."

"Where are we going, Montgomery?"

"Ay, there's the rub," he said, emphatically.

"Are we going anywhere in particular?" I asked.

"We are."

"Then—"

"Ginger, would you betray your best friend?"

"Never!"

"I have put my whole trust in you—the one secret of my life is yours."

"Thank you very much."

"*She* is at hand."

"Not—not—"

"Tilda? Yes, she will be there—all there."

"Oh, but I say, this is not quite right."

"Right! This is the only chance that two fond hearts have of meeting—and 'love is lord of all,' Ginger."

"Yes, that's perfectly correct, I believe; but I wish you had not dragged me into this."

"You would not desert me?"

"No, no, certainly not; but am I not in the way?"

"That's just what you ain't;" and here he digged me playfully in the ribs.

"How's that?"

"There's another of 'em, and you are to take care of *her!*"

"Lord have mercy upon us!—you don't say so!"

The cold perspiration into which I suddenly broke frightened him.

"It's all right, Ginger—don't be alarmed. Of course I don't mean any *larks*. I would not lead you on to any *larks* for the world."

"Montgomery, you're very good."

"But—I'll tell you how it is. You see, Ginger, Miss McRashie's maiden aunt has suddenly turned up, to pay her brother-in-law a visit, and we can't meet while the aunt sticks like a barnacle to Tilda. And to-day is a crisis in my life."

"I'm sure it is in mine—if Mrs. Kirkpatrick hears of it!"

"Tilda and I have much to arrange—we have a plan of a secret marriage to settle—before Biles, the undertaker, thwarts us."

"Biles! What, the widower opposite McRashie's?"

"The filthy beast, yes. He's after Tilda."

"Poor Gom!"

"I heard the news this morning; but he must stride over my cold corpus to secure her. You see if he doesn't."

"I hope I sha'n't see that," I said.

"Events are marching onward, Ginger, and the great blow must be struck."

"What, at Biles?"

"At anybody who thwarts me. I'd punch his head as soon as look at him."

"My brave Montgomery!"

"I'd—"

"But about this aunt? What's to be done with her?"

"I'll tell you, Ginger. Listen. Miss Gogarty, Mrs. McRashie's half-sister by a second marriage—"

"Oh, never mind the relationship. Go on."

"Well, she's romantic—very romantic—and she sympathizes with us. Not in with old McRashie: she hates her brother-in-law like poison. She knows all. And she is out with Tilda this afternoon."

"I'm sorry for that."

"And we have told her, Tilda and I, that we are going to introduce her to a poet—a real poet from London. She's 'dead nuts' on poets. A friend of mine of considerable distinction in the literary world—ha! ha!—is to—keep her at a respectful distance from us—see?"

"Yes, but I don't like it," I said.

"Don't like being taken for a poet?" cried Montgomery. "Well, you are a fellow! Where's your ambition?"

"I don't like the idea at all. That's flat."

And it was not the only thing that was flat, I'm disposed to think now.

"It's just for once, Ginger—it sha'n't occur again."

"I'll take blessed good care it doesn't. Why, what would my wife say if—"

"Nobody's to know."

"I shall be seen—we shall all be seen. How is it to be helped, when three of us are as well known in Muddleborough as the town pump?"

"That's the plan. We're going out of Muddleborough."

"Eh?"

"There's a four-wheeler waiting for us at the 'Warrior's Head.' I have engaged it in your name, for secrecy's sake. We drive out of the town, and a mile and a half on the road we pick up Tilda and her aunt."

I gazed open-mouthed at Brown. His strategic powers had robbed me utterly of speech.

"Then they get into the trap with us, and we go for a drive. A simple drive into the country. Where's the harm?"

"It's the look of the thing I object to, Montgomery."

"I fancied that yours was a soul above the petty judgments of this narrow world."

"So it is."

"I thought so, or why this noble air, and that buckle and strap sticking out behind?"

"Are they out now?"

"Yes," he said, tucking them in for me at once; "and now for the ladies. I shall never forget this kindness. I will do as much for you some day."

"Oh no, you won't."

"In another way, of course. And here's the 'Warrior's Head,' and just before we go in let us settle up. Short reckonings make long friends—regular six-footers."

He was full of spirits, but he made very bad jokes.

"How much do I owe you?" he asked.

"Fifteen shillings," said I.

"Lend me fifteen more, and that will make thirty bob," he said, playfully.

I lent him the money, and he promised to pay me out of his next month's salary. But he didn't.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An agent of an accident-insurance company entered a smoking-car on a Western railroad train a few days ago, and approaching an exceedingly gruff old man, asked him if he did not want to take out a policy. He was told to get out with his policy, and passed on. A few minutes afterward an accident occurred to the train, causing a fearful shaking to the cars. The old man jumped up, and seizing a hook at the side of the car to steady himself, called out, "Where is that insurance man?" The question caused a roar of laughter among the passengers, who for the time forgot their danger.

A lady remarked to a popular divine that his sermons were a little too long. "Ah, dear madam," remarked the divine, "I am afraid that you don't like the 'sincere milk of the word.'" "Yes I do," said she, "but you know the fashion nowadays is condensed milk."

Leadville disdains mere colonels. The usual remark is, "Senator, shove the bacon."

At a shoe-maker's ball in Philadelphia a reporter says that "feet of every size, from a fine taper in a white kid to pudding-shaped pedals in bull-skin, welted the wax on the floor in harmony with the music. They waxed warm, and pegged away until late next morning. It was a whole-souled affair throughout."

"And now, Aurelius," she said, reclining her pretty head upon his manly shoulder, "I know I am full of faults, but you will bear with them, will you not?" And he took the hint, and hugged her on the spot.

"Yes," said the Vermont man, "I'm going to take supper at the charity festival to-night, and give them the benefit of my fifty cents, and I won't eat any dinner, so that I can have a big appetite for the supper."

A canny Scotchman in Brechin, after having spent a year or two in the married state, had the misfortune, the other day, to lose his wife. No sooner was he bereft of the partner of his cares than he consoled himself with a review of his worldly circumstances. "I had," said he, "but a shilling in my pocket when I was married, and now that my wife is dead I have ninepence, so that I have only lost threepence."

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone," "Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word," "Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EARLY MORNING.

It was creditable to Mr. Frank Barlow that, although a bit of a dandy, or at all events a gentleman somewhat choice and careful in his personal attire, he put in an appearance at No. 7 within ten minutes of his receiving Amy's summons. There was a certain smugness and self-satisfaction about him which on their first acquaintance, and before he began to recognize the young lawyer's good qualities, had set Uncle Stephen somewhat against him; but his characteristic confidence and serenity of mind had now their merits in the eyes of the two sisters, and inspired belief in him. Though he had come so promptly, there was no sign of hurry in his face or manner: if he had come to a "consultation" about a right of way through the Crescent, he could not have looked more cool and collected, though at the same time there was a tenderness in his tone which would probably have been absent had his only object been to instill confidence in a client.

He listened with attentive sympathy while Amy explained to him, in Sabey's presence, what had happened to alarm her, and then quietly pulled out his watch.

"It is now seven o'clock," he said. "In case anything serious—which Heaven forbid!—has really happened to Matthew, we ought to hear of it within the next two hours. That is the usual practice with both the hospitals and the police. I am looking at the affair on its darkest side, for it is far more probable that Matt himself will return home and explain matters with his own lips. What is evident, in any case, is that you ladies must remain at home" (his keen eye had noticed Amy's thick boots, and also, perhaps, a certain feverish impatience in Sabey's manner), "to watch events and act upon them. Promptness is one thing, but no good is ever effected by hurry and aimless effort. For my own part, I will just say a word to Mr. Durham, and then start at once for Poulet Street."

These words, delivered with all the calm conviction of "counsel's opinion," had the best effect; especially, too, as the speaker had volunteered the very service that they would have had him perform.

"My dear Mrs. Helston," he continued, "I entreat you not to distress yourself. Something has, of course, occurred to delay your husband; but out of ten thousand things that may have happened, it is very foolish to fix your thoughts upon the worst."

Then he went up stairs—for the women had come down to the parlor—and knocking at Mr. Durham's door, went in, and closed it carefully behind him.

"What the deuce do you think has happened, Barlow?" inquired the old gentleman, gasping with anxiety and bronchitis, and also with the unaccustomed speed with which he was putting on his clothes.

"Matt has been robbed, no doubt, or some attempt has been made to rob him," replied the other, in a low tone. "My objection to these errands of his has always been based upon that ground."

"I never knew you had an objection: you always advocated his going on with them," returned Mr. Durham, not without irritation.

"Only because I thought his giving them up would prejudice him in the eyes of his employer," returned Mr. Barlow. "I always thought it a risk; but most of us have to risk something."

"You think he has risked his life, then?"

"I am afraid that it has been at least imperiled."

"He always took his revolver with him," observed the old man, thoughtfully.

"A very imprudent plan, in my opinion, Mr. Durham. What did it matter to him if he *was* robbed of these diamonds? He is not responsible for them beyond taking reasonable precautions. To shoot at a thief is something far more than that, and of course provokes the thief to shoot in his turn. However, I am off to Poulet Street, where they will probably know something about it."

"I must say, Barlow, you seem to take the matter rather coolly."

"I am sorry you think so, Mr. Durham. I will do as much for Matt as any man, as will be proved, perhaps; but it is necessary to retain one's judgment. Poor Mrs. Helston is on the verge of Heaven knows what—she is in the last stage of alarm and distraction; and Amy is, of course, terribly cut up on her sister's account."

"I hope and believe she is cut up, as you call it, on Matt's also," answered Mr. Durham. "If you imagine that Miss Thurlow has only sympathies for her blood-relations, or for the person whom she proposes to marry, you are mistaken, Mr. Barlow."

Uncle Stephen spoke with heat, nor did he lose sight of the advice of that great public speaker who recommended that the action should suit the words, and the words the action. He was very indignant that Mr. Barlow should have chosen such a moment to impute imprudence, or any other fault, to Matthew; and also that he should have imagined the latter was not dear to his sister-in-law for his own sake. Who was this d——d attorney (such was the phrase, I regret to say, by which he indicated his present companion in his own mind), that he should imagine a girl like Amy should forget her best and oldest friend in the dazzling prospect of becoming Mrs. Barlow?

"My dear Mr. Durham, I exceedingly regret that I should have given you any offense," returned the young lawyer, with feeling. "If you imagine that I fail in respect—nay, in affection—to any member of this household, you do me wrong. It is too much my way, perhaps, to conceal my feelings—"

"Not at all," put in Uncle Stephen, implacably; "it is a pity you should ever expose them. You never did like my nephew, sir, and you take this occasion—this of all others, confound you!—to exhibit it."

Mr. Barlow held up his hands in amazement. He was really innocent of what was imputed to him, only he had thought a judicial manner most appropriate to the situation, and had used it accordingly. His appearance was so genuine and penitent that Uncle Stephen was touched.

"*Pauca verba*, enough," he said. "I dare say you mean well, sir."

"*Facta, non verba*," returned the young fellow, gravely; "I hope to prove my good intentions. I am off to Poulet Street, Mr. Durham, and if anything such as we have only too much cause to fear should have happened, I will communicate with you direct."

Uncle Stephen nodded; he could not trust himself to speak. He well understood what the other meant, and the idea of his having to break the news of some terrible catastrophe to Sabey pained that kind heart which all its weight of years had not rendered callous.

With a tight, lingering hand-shake from Mrs. Helston, and one grave kiss—the first she had ever given him in sorrow—from his destined bride, Frank Barlow set out for Mr. Signet's place of business.

Scarcely had the door closed behind him than Amy put on her cloak and bonnet for her expedition to Hybla Mews.

"Dear Amy, how fast it snows!" sighed Sabey. "Why will you not let me go?"

"Well, dear, *because* it snows so fast, for one thing," answered her sister, cheerfully. "It would simply kill you to go out this morning, whereas I am as strong as a horse, and used to all weathers."

"But you will promise me to take the first cab you see, Amy?"

"Of course I will. Not a moment shall be lost."

"Nay, I was thinking of yourself, darling—I really was," said Sabey, piteously. "And yet I ought to have known you would have had no thought of self, but only of Matthew."

"Well, of course you ought. Is not Matthew my brother as well as your husband, and much more than a brother? Did he not offer me a home? Am I not bound to him by every tie of respect and gratitude? You talk of the snow—I would go barefoot in it to serve him."

"Oh, how I love you, darling, for so loving *him!*" cried Sabey, throwing herself into the other's arms.

"I am glad of that; but I love *you* on your own account. Remember, my dear, whatever happens, that there is always one person in the world, though she is but a woman, whom you can rely upon—whom you can trust to stick to you and yours. Not, of course, but that you have lots of friends."

"And Matthew?" put in Sabey, with an affrighted air.

"Of course there is Matthew. I only meant that you would find me useful at a pinch. Now I am off. Nothing will better please me than to find that my little journey has been taken in vain, and Matt at home when I come back— That's well; here is Uncle Stephen. I know he will look after you, Sabey, while I'm away, and see you do nothing rash." She spoke with a significance that could not have escaped a much duller man than Mr. Durham.

"I will look after Sabey," he said, "till the one who has a better right to do so comes home again."

No one replied to that, which was a sign how low their hearts had sunk.

"Good-by, darling; good-by, Mr. Durham;" and Amy passed lightly out, and closed the door behind her.

"There is none like her—none," said Sabey, tremulously.

"None, since the time of the Flood," answered Uncle Stephen. "She is like the dove that flew out of the Ark, and she will bring us back the olive branch of good tidings, my dear."

Sabey shook her head, and answered nothing. She felt as if a prop had been taken away from her, even with the aid of which she had been hardly able to stand up.

In the mean time Amy moved swiftly on, less like a dove than a swallow, lightly skimming over the new-fallen snow, though with no circuitous or uncertain course. She knew Hybla Mews well enough, having often visited Sally Rutherford in the company of her sister, when the former had been "down," as her husband had expressed it, with the fever. Though Amy had said she was used to such weather, she had never been in such a storm, and on foot, before. After a futile attempt to hold her umbrella up against the fury of the wind, she closed it, and walked on with still quicker steps. Not a soul was to be seen in that wild December morning, much less a cab. Those vehicles were always rare in the neighborhood of the Grove, and especially so in bad weather, when they were most wanted.

After half a mile of rapid travel she found herself in a broad thoroughfare, looking much broader than usual from its limitless covering of snow, and from the presence, in that white waste, of a single policeman, who stared at Amy very hard, and shook his head; not, we may be sure, in reprobation, but from his utter inability to "make her out." What call could a young lady like that have to be out-of-doors on such a morning, before the very omnibuses had begun to run? The sight of him turned her thoughts into their darkest channel as respected the fate of Matthew. She had very little doubt in her own mind that he had fallen among thieves, whom the report of the value of the treasure intrusted to his keeping had caused to waylay him. A few hours ago he must have travelled the very road which she was taking, but no harm could then have happened to him: if such an outrage had taken place, it must have been, of course, after he had left Moor Street with the diamonds. Then, for the first time, a thought struck her which for the moment brought her to a stand-still—Could John Rutherford himself have been concerned in this matter?

Sally, his wife, she knew well, and had every confidence in her; but John, she had once heard her father say (and this though she knew he had some liking for the man), was, he feared, "a bad lot"—a poacher, and a man who took more interest in racing matters than was good for him. Such a person was likely to fall among bad companions who might mould him to their own ends. If Rutherford was in league with such, his silence and their having heard nothing of him—which up to this time had been a source of comfort to Sabey and herself—were, indeed, only too easy to be accounted for. The more she thought of this, the more the idea oppressed her.

Supposing Rutherford to have been honest, it would have been very difficult for even a gang of thieves to have overpowered both him and his fare; but if dishonest, he might have taken Matthew at a disadvantage, and without his revolver. The very notion made her blood run cold, notwithstanding the speed which she still kept up; and yet how unjust and ungenerous, she reflected the next moment, were these suspicions! The man was under obligations both to Matthew and her own family, and had always professed a regard for them. He had been a little wild in his youth, but was understood to have long settled down to an honest calling; and she knew his good wife had confidence in him. No; she had no right to entertain such injurious thoughts of the man; and when she should presently learn that he had not come home, she would strive not to let them revive within her. And of course he had not come home.

Not half a dozen people did Amy meet that morning between the Crescent and Hybla Mews, but at the corner of the latter stood a little knot of persons just outside the door of the public-house. The "Rising Sun" had been exceptionally late in getting up that morning, or, at all events, in dispensing its rays to customers; and these gentlemen, protected by the portico from the driving sleet, were waiting for their morning dram till the house opened.

"It is shameful!" said one, in a harsh, grating voice, so loud that Amy must have heard him as she passed by, had she not been so deep in thought. "I have been here on and off ever since six o'clock. The night was so hot—" Here there was a shout of laughter. "Did I say hot? Well, of course I meant so cold—that I could not sleep; and there is nothing like peppermint to warm one."

"That's truth, at all events, if it's the only one you ever uttered, Dick," observed another; "and yet you had enough of drink last night, one would ha' thought, to last you till breakfast-time."

"Well, yes," answered Mr. Dartmoor (for he it was), in that depreciatory tone we use when speaking perforce of our own virtuous acts. "I was pretty tight, no doubt; but I went to bed early, and slept like a top, as Buggett knows, for he pitched into me, at five o'clock, for snoring; but arter that I couldn't sleep for the cold, and before six I was out here in hopes of getting a drop of gin and peppermint."

The facts described were not of vital interest, one would have supposed, even to Mr. Dartmoor himself, yet he dwelt upon them with unwonted distinctness and regard to detail. "I never woke till five this blessed morning"—he was beginning again, when the door bolts were withdrawn from within, and in rushed the sottish crew—save the speaker himself. His eye had glanced on Amy as she turned down into the Mews, and the circumstance had apparently awakened his curiosity. Instead of following his companions, each already clamoring at the bar for his favorite liquor, he made for the archway which formed the entrance of the Mews, and concealing himself behind a buttress of it, watched her with eager eyes. Presently he brought his trembling hands together with a smack, and exclaimed, in a tone of exulting malice, "Begad, I thought so—she's bound for Rutherford's! Now I would give a pound to hear his story."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MADISON SQUARE TRAGEDY.

Rarely has a charitable or social entertainment been interrupted in a more tragical manner than was the Hahnemann Hospital Fair on the evening of April 21. About nine o'clock, while nearly two thousand people were gathered in Madison Square Garden—a building which has been used for public entertainments for several years—a portion of the western wall fell, owing to causes not yet definitely ascertained. Three persons were instantly killed, another was fatally wounded, and twenty-two received injuries more or less severe.

In February last, just before the Arion Masquerade Ball, the western end of the Garden was raised by the addition of a story, from what was formerly the tower-room, on the Twenty-sixth Street corner, up to Twenty-seventh Street. A portion of this addition was divided during the recent fair into three compartments, forming a picture gallery, a dancing-room, and a café. At a few minutes before nine o'clock Mr. Alfred Mackay, superintendent of the fair, went up into the art gallery. He had, as he subsequently said, a premonition of disaster, and he directed the lights to be lowered, at the same time urging the ladies and gentlemen present to leave the room, giving as a reason for his action that the heat of the many gas-burners was injuring the pictures. The people retired gradually, some of them with reluctance. Before all could get out, a terrible crash was heard. The roof had fallen in, carrying with it the walls, and burying a large number of persons beneath the ruins.

A fearful scene of panic ensued as the crumbling wall fell into the street. But calm was soon restored, and the extent of the catastrophe was speedily ascertained. Not only the roof of the art gallery, but that portion over the dancing-room, had fallen, and under this latter were men and women, crushed by the fallen beams, smothered by the mass of shattered plaster, pierced by the broken, jagged laths. A few seconds before there had been thirty couples dancing here, but the music had just stopped, and most of those who had been tripping and whirling on the floor strolled out to the balcony and into the restaurant. A few had seated themselves along the walls, the most unfortunate of them near the piano, which stood close to the western wall, and on the side next the art gallery. When that western wall sprang out into the street, the roof on all that side dropped like a trap. The frail wooden partition between the dancing-room and the art gallery, instead of serving in any degree to sustain the falling roof, was mashed down like a sheet of card-board.

In a little while, by the exertions of a few brave men, who at once rushed into what was deemed a place of imminent danger, the dead and wounded were removed from the ruins. One of the saddest incidents of the tragedy was the death of Mrs. Hegeman, who had just left the building when the crash occurred, and was killed by the falling wall. Mrs. Hegeman was one of the prominent managers of the fair. Three other persons were also killed—Mrs. Hegeman's maid, Mrs. Willets, and Colonel William M. Tileston, of the *Turf, Field, and Farm*, who was so badly crushed by the wall, as he was leaving the building, that he died in the course of a few hours.

An official inquest will probably be necessary to ascertain the exact cause of this awful calamity, and to fix the responsibility where it justly belongs. One theory is that one of the trusses which supported the roof broke in two, and pushed out the walls. Another is that the walls themselves were weak, and gave way under the weight of the roof. A well-known architect, who made a careful survey of the building soon after the calamity occurred, is convinced that it was due entirely to the unsubstantial character of the supporting walls, and that the trusses were amply sufficient to sustain all the weight that rested upon them. Whatever the cause of the disaster, there must have been some fatal defect in the construction of the building, which proper vigilance should have detected before it was made manifest in a manner so terrible and distressing.

THE "*MAGNETIC*" BLAINE; OR, A VERY HEAVY "LOAD"—TOO MUCH FOR THE REPUBLICAN PARTY TO CARRY.

"AT TEA"—DR. JOHNSON AT MRS. THRALE'S.—FROM A PAINTING BY BEATRICE MEYER.

DR. JOHNSON IN SOCIETY.

THE "literary whale of the eighteenth century" must have been endowed with greater fascination than usually falls to the lot of even the most talented men. In spite of his abrupt and often savage manners, his general uncouthness and uncleanness, his society was constantly sought by people of influence and distinction, and no man ever had more faithful and devoted friends. Just wherein the charm lay it is perhaps difficult to explain, but that Dr. JOHNSON possessed an attraction for literary and other people almost unparalleled in degree is abundantly shown by his numerous biographers, and the hosts of able writers who have added to our knowledge concerning him. Within two years the HARPERS have published a fresh and novel volume prepared by Mr. E. T. MASON, and containing a most exhaustive collection of anecdotes, grave and gay, wise and otherwise, with Dr. JOHNSON for their hero.

One of the great philosopher's marked peculiarities was his excessive and even inordinate fondness for tea. Sir JOHN HAWKINS tells us, "Whenever it appeared, he was almost raving, and by his impatience to be served, his incessant calls for those ingredients which make that liquor palatable, and the haste with which he swallowed it down, he seldom failed to make that a fatigue to every one else which was intended as a general refreshment." Our engraving shows Dr. JOHNSON surrounded by a party of his most intimate friends, and in the act of enjoying his favorite beverage. It is supposed to represent tea at Mrs. THRALE'S. Beside him, and in especial favor, is "Little BURNEY," making enthusiastic mental notes for her memoirs. In front stands the hostess, awaiting a favorable moment to offer, say, the fifteenth cup of tea, whilst the great man himself is preparing a dose of criticism for the poem being read by GOLDSMITH. Next to Miss BURNEY is seated the gay but lettered TOPHAM BEAUCLERC. Behind the table stands the master of the house, with the latest arrival. Before them sits a blue-stocking, and in front is BOSWELL, impatient of all save the great oracle. The lady in the left-hand corner is meant to represent the beautiful SOPHY STREATHAM, who could weep whenever she was asked to.

Most of JOHNSON'S lady friends responded graciously to his prodigious demands upon their teapots, but Miss REYNOLDS especially won a place in his favor by humoring his predilection for this above all other drinks. Her brother, however, offended the sage in regard to the same matter. Once while spending an evening at CUMBERLAND'S,

Sir JOSHUA reminded him of the enormous quantity of tea he was swallowing, observing that he had drunk eleven cups. "Sir," replied JOHNSON, "I did not count your glasses of wine; why, then, should you number my cups of tea?" Sir JOSHUA was not, however, the only one who ventured to protest against the philosopher's excess in tea-drinking. It is related that while on a Scottish tour, and spending some time at Dunvegan, the castle of the chief of the MACLEODS, the dowager Lady MACLEOD, having repeatedly helped him, until she had poured out sixteen cups, then asked him if a small basin would not save him trouble and be more agreeable. "I wonder, madam," he said, roughly, "why all the ladies ask me such questions: it is to save yourselves trouble, madam, and not me." The lady was silenced, and resumed her task. BOSWELL tells us that JOHNSON'S "defense of tea against Sir JONAS HANWAY'S violent attack upon that elegant and popular beverage shows how well a man of genius can write upon the slightest subjects, when he writes, as the Italians say, *con amore*." JOHNSON calls himself "a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who with tea amuses the evenings, with tea solaces the midnights, and with tea welcomes the mornings." One of his tea-pots, preserved by a relic-hunter, contained two quarts, and he professed to have at times consumed five-and-twenty cups at a sitting.

Anecdotes of JOHNSON in society abound, for, unlike many literary men, he was no recluse, but loved the companionship of his kind, in spite of the little pains he took to make himself agreeable to them. Apparently his delight in convivial meetings was boundless, and he especially enjoyed hours passed in the congenial society to be met with at a tavern. "As soon," he writes, "as I enter the door of a tavern I experience an oblivion of care and a freedom from solicitude; when I am seated, I find the master courteous, and the servants obsequious to my call, anxious to know and ready to supply my wants; wine there exhilarates my spirits, and prompts me to free conversation and an interchange of discourse with those whom I most love; I dogmatize and am contradicted, and in this conflict of sentiment and opinions I find delight."

The appearance of the philosopher in society was one of the most extraordinary things about a most extraordinary man. The raggedest of garments frequently inclosed his form, and his wigs were generally burned in front from bringing his head too close to his candle, in order to make up for the failing of his short-sighted eyes. BEAUCLERC was fond of describing how he had once taken a French lady of distinction to see JOHNSON at his chambers. On descending the staircase they heard a noise like thunder. JOHNSON was pursuing them, struck by a sudden sense of the demands upon his gallantry. He brushed in between BEAUCLERC and the lady, and seizing her hand, conducted her to her coach. A crowd of people collected to stare at the sage, dressed in rusty brown, with a pair of old shoes for slippers, a shrivelled wig on the top of his head, and with shirt sleeves and the knees of his breeches hanging loose.

According to Mr. LESLIE STEPHEN, who prepared the *Life of Johnson* in the "English Men of Letters" series, published by the HARPERS, the philosopher's short-comings in civility were due in part to the narrow range of his faculties of perception. He did not know, for he could not see, that his uncouth expressions and slovenly dress were offensive. It is hard to study a manual of etiquette so late in life, and for a man of JOHNSON'S imperfect faculties it was probably impossible. So far as JOHNSON could recognize bad manners, he was polite. Unhappily the limitation means a great deal. The extent to which a man of his intelligence could remain oblivious of what constitutes the amenities of civilized life is the remarkable point. "Every man of any education," he once said, to the amazement of his hearers, "would rather be called a rascal than accused of deficiency in the graces." GIBBON, who was present, slyly inquired of a lady whether among all her acquaintances she could not find *one* exception. According to Mrs. THRALE he went even farther. Dr. BARNARD, he said, was the only man who had ever done justice to his good-breeding. "And you may observe," he added, "that I am well-bred to a degree of needless scrupulosity." He proceeded, according to Mrs. THRALE—though the story taxes our faith—to claim that he not only respected ceremony, but was careful never to contradict or interrupt his hearers. But unfortunately, in opposition to these pointed stories, the fact stands that he once had an altercation with Dr. BARNARD, and the latter avenged himself by a sarcastic copy of verses, in which, after professing to learn perfection from various friends, he says:

"JOHNSON shall teach me how to place
In varied light each borrowed grace;
From him I'll learn to write,
Copy his clear, familiar style,
And by the roughness of his file
Grow like himself—polite."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ON Sunday, April 18, a fierce wind-storm raged over large sections of country in Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Illinois, developing at several points in its path violent and destructive tornadoes. The town of Marshfield, Missouri, was almost entirely destroyed by the cyclone, and the fire which sprang up amid the ruins of shattered houses. Nothing was able to stand before the fury of that blast. Houses were blown from their foundations, trees uprooted, cattle whirled into the air, and, sadder than all else, about one hundred persons were killed, and many more injured. It was just at dusk of evening when this calamity occurred, and in a few hours a peaceful town of about eight hundred inhabitants was a scene of desolation. The public school-house—the only available building left standing—was converted into a temporary hospital, physicians and nurses were sent from Springfield and other places, and supplies of food and clothing soon reached the homeless sufferers. Tornadoes are lamentably frequent at the West, but seldom does one leave such a disastrous record. Marshfield is a little over two hundred miles from St. Louis, and is the county seat of Webster County. It is situated on a plateau of the Ozark Mountains, but not in a particularly exposed location.

From the report of the United States Consul to New Zealand it appears that a growing trade is springing up between this country and that colony. The chief exports from this country are edge-tools, agricultural implements, tobacco, canned fruits, and wooden ware, including carriages. Almost the only article sent from New Zealand to America is kauri gum, which is largely used in the manufacture of varnish. The gum is very transparent, having the appearance of amber. The wood of the kauri-tree is very beautiful, and is used for furniture.

There are, according to the latest statistics, 23,524 convicts in the prisons of the United States. It is certainly reasonable and only just to the State that every prisoner who is able should be compelled to labor for his own support. Prisons should be, as far as possible, self-sustaining; and for moral as well as economic reasons the labor should be productive. If criminals are trained to habits of industry, and obtain a knowledge of some craft, they are better fitted, when discharged, to lead honest lives.

Practical Christianity can scarcely find a better exemplification than in some such helpful charities as are now being carried on by the Albany City Mission. One of these is the establishment of a working-men's reading-room, well supplied with newspapers and periodicals. Another is a model coffee-room, where wholesome food is supplied at cost. Coffee or tea, with a roll, is supplied for five cents, soup at the same price, and also chops; potatoes, two cents; steak, fifteen; oysters, twelve; pie or pudding, five.

Great forest fires have been raging in the pine and cedar regions of Southeastern New Jersey. Hundreds of acres of woodland have been devastated by the flames, and farmers and villagers were forced to fight the fire with desperation to save their homes.

Two wealthy English merchants, who were spending their first night in America at the New York Hotel, nearly lost their lives by the inhalation of gas escaping in their bedroom—the result of carelessness or accident. A strong odor of gas in the hall led to the discovery of the men, who were found in their beds, apparently lifeless. They were resuscitated after several hours' treatment. Two things are worth remembering—that gas left dimly burning at night is liable to be extinguished, and that sleeping in an unventilated bedroom is a source of many dangers.

A commemorative service was lately held in the St. Ann's Protestant Episcopal Church, in Washington Street, Brooklyn. The terminus of the East River Bridge is to be almost directly in front of this church, on which account it is to be demolished to allow the approach to the bridge to be completed. At the farewell services Bishop Littlejohn, Bishop Smith, of Kentucky—the oldest Episcopal bishop in the United States—and many distinguished clergymen were present, and addressed the large audience. The corner-stone of St. Ann's Church was laid March 31, 1824, but the parish was incorporated in 1781.

Nordenskjöld was enthusiastically received at his home in Copenhagen. Twenty thousand persons assembled to witness the arrival of the *Vega*.

A telephone was recently placed in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and connection established with Orange, Newark, and Elizabeth, New Jersey, and with several localities in New York. On the following Sunday the experiment of transmitting Mr. Beecher's sermon to these various points proved very successful. There were occasional interruptions of various kinds along the lines, but the most of the sermon was distinctly heard. The music was clearly transmitted. The most distant point of connection was about seventeen miles.

Denis Kearney, that professed friend and champion of the working-men, but in reality their bitterest enemy, is now in the House of Correction at San Francisco. Every man who is a friend to the moral and industrial interests of our country can not but be thankful that his reckless and blasphemous career is interrupted. Apparently even those who were his followers were not sorry to see him retire into private life.

Otero, the would-be assassin of King Alfonso, has been executed. The King and Queen were desirous he should be pardoned, but the cabinet council decidedly opposed any commutation of his sentence. The confession made by Otero before his death is very remarkable, and, if true, indicates that he was a mere tool in the hands of members of a secret society, by whom he was compelled to attempt to kill the King or forfeit his own life.

The International Fishery Exhibition was opened at Berlin on April 20 by the Crown Prince Frederick William. The exhibition is reported as complete in all its details, and as presenting a fine appearance. There is every reason to believe that America will not be behind any other country in her exhibits.

The Erie and Champlain canals were opened for navigation this spring two weeks earlier than last year.

About April 16 one of the most severe snow-storms ever known on the line of the Central Pacific Railroad blocked the cars and broke down snow-sheds. This does not seem much like spring.

A report comes from St. Petersburg that Lady Dufferin, while hunting in the forest, was nearly killed by a ferocious bear, which suddenly sprang at her from the underbrush. She was saved by Lord Hamilton, an attaché of the embassy, who dispatched the animal with his revolver.

Not very long ago three "tramps" were arrested in this city. Their ages were ten, twelve, and thirteen respectively. They were passing through the street early one morning, and attracted the attention of a policeman because each carried a large bundle. On being questioned, it was found that they were from Boston, and were going "out West." They were taken to the station-house, where it was discovered that each boy had two loaded revolvers, and a quantity of vile literature, the reading of which had stimulated them to throw off home restraints. One of the boys had stolen from his employer the funds necessary to the expedition. They were all sent back to their parents.

LETTER FROM THE HON. JAS. W. HUSTED,
EX-SPEAKER OF THE ASSEMBLY.

STATE OF NEW YORK, ASSEMBLY CHAMBER, ALBANY, *April* 7, 1880.

G. A. BRANDRETH, Esq., President:

My Dear Sir,—I write for the purpose of bearing additional testimony to the efficacy of Allcock's Plasters. You will remember that a few years since I commended them very highly on account of the beneficial effects that I personally experienced from their use when suffering from bruises occasioned by a severe fall, and from pulmonary difficulties.

I desire now to add to that communication another statement in their behalf.

My son Thomas, while at school in Easthampton, Mass., was attacked, about three years since, by neuralgia and rheumatism combined, the seat of the troubles being in his shoulder-joint. He suffered so greatly that I feared I would be obliged to take him from school. He tried various remedies suggested by excellent physicians, without avail. At last, more in hope than in expectation, I advised him to use the Allcock's Porous Plasters.

He did so, and in less than two weeks was relieved from all pain. The remedy produced a perfect cure. He has never felt a twinge of rheumatism since. Yours truly,

J. W. HUSTED.

MEDICAL TESTIMONY.

ECLECTIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, No. 1 LIVINGSTON PLACE, *Nov.* 1, 1879.

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They are also useful in brain affections; in heart and kidney troubles; and in spinal weakness they are generally invaluable.

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Dear Sirs,—It affords me great pleasure to inform you of the wonderful cure your "Constitution Water" has wrought upon my wife. Her doctor had pronounced her incurable of Bright's disease of the kidneys, but, thanks to you, she is as well to-day as she ever was in her life. She says she is certain if it had not been for your medicine she would have been dead before this time, and truly hopes that all who suffer with Bright's kidney disease will try your "Constitution Water" before they wait too long; wishing you many happy years, and that your medicine may reach every sufferer, I am, Sirs, very respectfully yours, WILLIAM A. TREVATHAN.

BATTLEBORO, N. C., *Sept.* 17, 1879.

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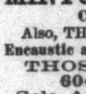

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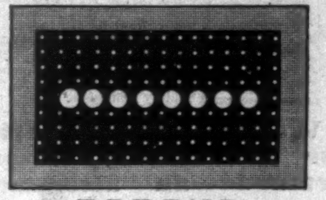

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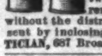

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